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A TRIBUTE TO MR. JUSTICE HARLAN

BY EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE, THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, your words go home to our hearts and the resolutions of our brethren of the bar move us, since they show both the confidence which the bar reposed in and the affection they bore Mr. Justice Harlan, as well as the veneration they cherish for his memory. The depth with which these feelings are by us shared and the greatness of the sorrow which has come to us by the death of our brother cannot be appreciated without understanding how completely the discharge of judicial duty in a court of last resort necessitates an effort by all to efface every merely incidental mental and moral tendency to difference of opinion in order that by the perfect equipoise of mind with mind and the union of heart with heart, a composite, wise, and just judgment may result.

The disintegration by death of the union resulting from such ties of intimate and affectionate association brings with it not only bereavement, but a sense of despondency, because of the fleeting and perishable result of all human efforts which it apparently exemplifies. The contemplation, however, of the great life which we commemorate dispels

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the miasma of despondency and calls us to the onward and upward struggle for higher and holier things, since, when rightly measured, the lessons of that life point to the continuing and enduring result for good of duty conscientiously performed. Through the mists of parting and the shadows of death itself, clearing our vision by the light which that life affords, we are enabled to see how greatly the dedication of the life of our Brother Harlan to the service of his country, during nearly thirty-four years of judicial labor, serves to sustain and to make fruitful for the benefit of all his countrymen the power for good of that ideal and undying personality, the Supreme Court of the United States, the offspring of the devotion of our forefathers to human liberty and their genius in creating institutions for its perpetuation. So noble in conception and yet so simple in execution; so ordinary in its incidents and yet so majestic as the servant of the whole people; so weak and yet so strong, because founded upon the affection of all the people and depending for its existence upon their continued support.

It would not be appropriate on this occasion, nor is there presently time, Mr. Attorney-General, to afford the opportunity to add to the condensed statement which you have made of the career of Mr. Justice Harlan by giving an outline of his services in peace and in war. I shall, therefore, leaving the general subject to some more appropriate occasion, seek only now to depict in the briefest manner some of the most dominant of the moral and mental forces which characterized Mr. Justice Harlan's discharge of judicial duty, as seen from the angle of vision of those engaged with him in such duty, thus, perhaps, speaking from a point of observation which, if not stated now, might possibly pass out of view.

In the first place, there was ever manifested the supreme importance which he attached to the performance of his judicial work and the consequent dedication which followed of every mental and moral faculty of his being to the doing of that work. In the second place, there was likewise consequently manifested a purpose to do justice as it was given him to see it, a justice not resting upon mere metaphysical conceptions or distinctions of casuistry concerning the lines of separation between right and wrong, but a justice based upon what seemed to him to be a common sense of justice,

begetting an ever-present and vivid purpose to uphold the right and to frustrate the wrong and ever to see to it that the weak were not overmastered by the strong. In the third place—and this was the most prominent of all—he possessed a reverence for and an implicit faith in our constitutional institutions, a faith which knew no doubt and caused him to believe that the power of adaptability of those institutions was adequate to meet and provide for any possible condition, however complex or novel. And as these dominant qualities were potential in giving shape and form to his mental attributes, the latter in substance were but the reflex of the former. His methods of thought, in disregard of mere subtleties or refined distinctions, led him to the broadest lines of conviction, and as those lines were by him discerned, and differences between himself and others became impossible of reconciliation, the warfare of mind with mind was by him carried on, not with adroit fence or subtle play of reason, but with a directness and entire disregard of all narrower points of view. This was particularly observable with reference to his conclusions on questions concerning powers of government arising from constitutional limitations and the consideration of asserted violations of the rights of individuals protected by such limitations. Once his convictions were definitely formed, so complete was his faith, so ardent was his devotion, so unalterable was his purpose to maintain and perpetuate in each and every particular, as he understood it, the Government under the Constitution which he so much loved, that sometimes the very ardor and zeal with which, when he differed from others, the form in which the reason for his differences was expounded produced upon the merely superficial observer the impression that there was doubt on his part as to the power of the Constitution, if interpreted in conflict with the views which he held, to successfully continue to accomplish the great purpose which it was ordained to secure; but this was indeed a singularly mistaken view, since it engendered doubt and weakness merely because of the forms in which supreme and perfect faith had found their expression.

It being true, as I have said, that the lessons afforded by the life of the great American whose loss we commemorate and deplore afford a correction of despondency and constitute an incentive, calling upon all to dedicate their

lives to a higher and completer fulfilment of duty, why is it not also true that a right contemplation of that life and its results will serve in some measure to assuage the feeling of sorrow begotten by his death? It was given him to exceed the allotted span of mortal existence, and during his long and useful career to faithfully serve, in war and in peace, his country; to win the affection of all his countrymen; and to afford an elevating and noble example of duty well and faithfully performed. Ah! contemplating that life, its simplicity, its courage, its devotion to duty, its love of country, does not the faith come to us that in the transition from things finite to things infinite it has been given to him to hear the ineffable melody of those words of benediction, the hope of hearing which has led so many millions to consecrate their lives to the performance of duty and the service of God and their country—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE.

IS THERE COMMON GROUND ON WHICH THOUGHTFUL MEN CAN MEET ON THE TRUST QUESTION?

BY PETER S. GROSSCUP

By "thoughtful men," I do not mean the few men who have utilized our corporation policy to amass unexampled fortunes or build up unexampled power; they would not voluntarily surrender anything that would limit their power. Nor do I mean the political leadership that looks only and always for what is *obviously* popular; that leadership can only be enlisted in a cause that has shown itself to be obviously popular. What I mean by "thoughtful men," are the men in what is called the "business" world who are unallied with the trusts, except as unwise attacks on the trusts spell danger to business generally; and the intelligent masses, outside the "business" world, who, without expectation of getting any political advantage personally out of attacks upon the trusts, yet oppose them.

These two classes together make up the jury that decides the issue, whenever a real issue in this country is once made up and presented. And by "common ground" I mean the ground that men come to occupy when, escaping mere self-interest on the one hand and mere self-ambition on the other, they get down to the concrete right and wrong of the thing involved; as, for instance, the ground taken by the Republican party in 1856 and 1860 on the slavery question, after a score of years had been spent in merely manœuvring for a sectional or party advantage. Can these men in the business world, unallied with the trusts except in a common fear, and these men among the masses, unallied with the trust question as a mere football in politics, be brought to a common ground with relation to the trusts? If they can, it will be within their power to settle the trust

question without any considerable peril to business; and to settle it so it will stay settled, by settling it right.

Just now our more active politicians are demanding that "big business be eliminated from politics"; and to that end a number of "means" are put prominently forward—the popular election of United States Senators, initiative and referendum, popular primaries, and the like. But will any of these, or all together, even if carried out, change big business from just what it is now, or where it is now, with its own peculiar access to politics, except perhaps that the field of operation would be changed and the procedure readjusted? The philosophy that underlies this demand is, that enterprise grown *big* is necessarily and innately the enemy of popular rights, against which every barrier known to political science must be raised—a philosophy that goes *directly* to its object, only in the old view of the Sherman Act, when that act was regarded as a means of putting big enterprise, not only out of politics, but out of business also. Is the philosophy sound? Pushed logically to its purpose, that philosophy means that this day of big *things* must be brought to an end also; for big things cannot be done except in big ways. Not so pushed to its logical end—left in the air as a mere nightmare—it means that big business, whatever may be the immediate effect of these movements, will soon again attain full influence in politics, and its full swing in the business world; for any policy, political or economic, which cannot be carried out without general injury, cannot be kept dangling in the air.

Let us see, then, if there is not common ground, *not based upon this unsound philosophy*, on which the disinterested citizenship of the country can agree. Here, as always in large questions, it is the few dominating facts that need to be considered. The other facts are merely subsidiary. Upon the first of these dominating facts I think we can agree: That the seat of our political unrest, and the source of our present political and economical uncertainty, is the presence among us of phenomena never seen until within the lifetime of the youngest of our voters—the industrial power of this country in the hands, apparently, of a few men, who have amassed out of it individual fortunes never before dreamed of. I speak now only of the phenomena; what is its place in the world of cause and effect (as a matter of fact it is both cause and effect) is another matter.

But even as phenomena it cannot be fully understood until the economic instrumentality and machinery through which "cause" is transformed into "effect" is more clearly understood. To bring out this economic instrumentality let me use a couple of similes.

Moisture is the water in the air that the atmosphere has gathered from the seas and "saved," so to speak, for the time being, from going into the earth or back into the seas. What the individual men and women of our ninety millions are able to lay aside yearly from their income, after a living has been derived, may be compared to this moisture stored away day after day from the earth; and what is done in the way of deposit and investment with these gathered savings of the people may be compared with the precipitation back to earth of this moisture, in the form of rain.

This gathering of the surplus financial resources is universal—as universal as the gathering moisture in the air; is taking place in the remote farms and villages as well as in the cities; among the people in the ordinary walks of life as well as among those whom we call successful. And the precipitation back to earth in the form of bank deposits and personal investments is equally universal, both as to place and as to people. Now some of this precipitation, like the rain, remains where it falls, absorbed in local investments or in the nurture of local enterprise. But a larger part, like the rain again, runs off in the form of bank deposits, first into the smaller rivulets of the local banks, then into the larger streams of the neighboring city banks, and then again into the rivers that empty into the country's great financial reservoirs. The accumulations in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and other financial centers, are chiefly what the rivers brought down from the creeks, what the creeks brought down from the rivulets, what the ten thousand rivulets gathered up from every countryside. These surplus savings of the country represent more than fourteen billions of dollars, or nearly one-seventh of the country's entire wealth, and would rebuild and equip the greatest portion of the country's railroad system, including terminals. All this is in a state of flux. "Lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea" was the command given to Moses from which power over the waters issued. There are a few private offices, apparently, that hold the men who exclusively possess this

power over the financial waters that make up the country's financial resources.

Or, to change the simile. A great part of the country's business activity—that part that pretty accurately measures the difference between what we call prosperous times and hard times—may be represented as a huge motor-car driven by the pent-up energies that these enormous bank deposits, as an entirety, contain. Let the deposits be withheld from the business man or manufacturer, or the rate made so high that he cannot afford to borrow, the business man cuts down his stock and the manufacturer his output, and, with this, men are thrown out of employment or wages cut down. Let them be withheld from the railroad company, or the rate made so high that the railroad cannot afford to borrow, extensions are stopped, improvements are stopped, orders for new equipment are withdrawn, and with this, too, men are thrown out of employment or wages cut down. Let them be withheld from the broker, or the rate substantially increased, there are no resources with which to buy stocks, the pressure to sell increases and the whole speculative list goes down with a thud. But let these deposits be made easy to borrow, business and manufacture take on renewed activity, the railroads renew their projects, the speculative list goes up with a bound. This fourteen billions of wealth in flux is the gasoline that, fed freely or fed gingerly into the engine, increases or diminishes its power, running it up at times to the highest speed or lowering it to a complete standstill. And, under existing policies, it is these few men, to the exclusion of all others, who have their hands on the gasoline lever and their feet on the accelerator. Were the *individual* possessions of the richest men living to be destroyed, they would not be missed much beyond the day of their destruction. It is the savings of the people in the ordinary walks of life that the great so-called national “money power” utilizes. It is on this capital of the people, but under the power of this so-called “money power,” that the great enterprises of to-day rest. This is the first dominating fact in the industrial problem.

The second dominating fact, just as much a proposition of *fact* as the first, and just as essential to a complete and intelligent comprehension of the trust problem, I think we can agree upon also—*viz.*, that like the world's great literature, paintings, marbles, hospitals, schools, libraries, and

benevolences of every kind, industrial enterprise of every kind, even when in the form of "concentration," has its origin in the *brains* of men—children of the *brain* put into material form and substance—every successful enterprise, whether it be a farm or a gigantic trust, the "thought" of some man or group of men "materialized." And because, in individual enterprise, the "thing" visible would not have been but for the "thought" invisible—the possession outside emerging from the brain inside—the possession outside morally and legally belongs to him whose brain gave it birth and subsequently nurtured it. On that rests the right of individual property. The possession is the man's because the thought was his. On that foundation, except with those who see no individual right even in "thought," the right of property is fundamental. Those who ignore this, dwelling wholly on the fact that in modern industry power has actually gone into the hands of the few, have only a half-view of what is involved in the trust problem. On the other hand, those who ignore the fact that in modern industry, power and the newly created property of the country have been going, with tremendous disproportion, into the hands of the few, dwelling wholly upon the part that "thought" plays in successful enterprises, have only a half-view also of what is involved in the problem. A whole view must include both of these facts. The "common ground" must include both of these essential factors in the problem.

But there is another factor in the problem about which there is still some dispute as to whether it is a fact or not; namely, the economic value *to the public* of concentration in industry, even to the partial displacement of competition, and, in consequence, the existence of a *motive* on the part of those who go into "concert" or "combination" not founded on mere purpose to destroy others. That there can be no motive for combination, other than such purpose, has been the accepted economic fact thus far; and, as such accepted economic fact, has been the basis of all the decisions and all the laws that hold that any combination in trade is unlawful, *merely because it is a combination*. But is that the real economic fact now? President Taft's view seems to be that if the rule of universal competition was good enough for the past it ought to be good enough for the present and future. But is that true?

Is not that essentially Toryism—a determined will *not* to move forward with the times—as Mr. Roosevelt comes very near calling it? *Can* we go back to the rule of universal competition? Not, certainly, in those activities that relate to public utilities. The necessity, not only of concentration, but of monopoly in this field is already accepted. Must we not accept it also to some extent in the industrial field? Can we take apart the Standard Oil enterprise, the United States Steel enterprise, a dozen other enterprises, and expect the separated parts to work as well as when working in close co-ordination; for competition is the absence of co-ordination? Here is the crux of the debate. Here is the point on which we need a disinterested but thorough economic education, such as we received on the currency question and the gold standard in 1896; for until the public mind advances on this question, as it did in 1896 on the currency question to the position to which economic *conditions* have already advanced, the political thought of the country will be in no *mental attitude* to comprehend the great problem that is calling for solution.

The primary motive in industry is, of course, to make more money and acquire more power. But this is accompanied, generally, by a desire to be within the law. Now suppose to a group of such men, contemplating concentration but desiring to be within the law, the law should say: The law recognizes what is now the economic fact, that through the greater efficiency produced by co-ordination profits may appear at prices to the public that, under conditions of competition, would mean losses; and what the law thus recognizes it will not prohibit, provided you confine yourselves to what thus comes to you through the superior economic efficiency of co-ordination—the normal productive advantage of concentration, as the Chief Justice in the Standard Oil case seemed to indicate, as distinguished from use of the mere *power* thus acquired to eliminate competition or artificially exploit the public; suppose the law should say this and then *enforce the provisos*, would not that bring the country politically to the position it has already reached economically? Indeed, is it not necessary that the law should say this, in order that we may fulfil the economic mission of the times, and keep up against the competition of the rest of the world, where the law already recognizes what has taken place in economic development?

Now, when we come to think about it, is it not right along this line, each side taking only his half-view of the problem—the one dropping out of consideration altogether the value of concentration as an economic fact, and the other dropping out of consideration the danger to the public of the power thus acquired—that the two sides separate from each other in their *moral view* of the trust problem? “Is not the right to create big enterprise *open alike to all?*” ask the men in the business world. And from that there seems to be no break in the logic to the next question: “Is not the *corporate machinery*, through which such enterprise alone can be created, open alike to all also?” “Why, then, should not that right, the right to the corporate machinery,” they continue, “like natural individual right, be exempt from government interference, either by way of limitation or condition?” And the appeal would, I admit, be a convincing one if there were no difference between “natural” right in connection with enterprise incorporated, and “natural” right in connection with individual enterprise.

But there is a difference, a fundamental difference. I am now dealing with the view—the half-view—taken by the business world. Individual enterprise is the “man” in action, aided by government only in so far as government protects him, along with other men, against the unfair interference of other men. The trust, or corporation, is men “banded together” in action, not only protected by government against the unfair interference of others, but affirmatively authorized by government *to band together*. In individual enterprise it is the man who is the unit—the capacity of a single man to monopolize, the only danger of monopoly. In the trust or corporation the unit becomes unbounded—the trust is an industrial empire within the governmental empire. In individual enterprise the man sooner or later dies, and what he has accumulated is distributed; the limitation laid on entails from our earliest colonial days sees to it that no individual accumulations shall go on longer accumulating; on the other hand, the trust or corporation is perpetual—there is no limit to the ball it may roll up. Except in the case of a patent under our patent law, no single individual has ever been able to throw off competition; it is beyond a single individual’s capacity to throw off competition—singly and alone he is too small a factor in the whole community; and patents are

limited in duration, and still more limited in the scope of things covered. But it is easily within the capacity of the trust and corporation, when given practically unrestricted freedom, to throw off competition—a capacity granted by the government, too, *in the power to incorporate*, just as distinctively as a patent is granted, but with this advantage over a patent, that it is without limit in duration, and without limit, too, in the scope of things covered. Between “man” as a unit, and “men banded together” under the authority of the government as a unit, in corporate entity, there is then a fundamental difference.

But those on the other side of the line—those who see nothing in the trust and corporation save the machinery through which exaction is exercised and unprecedented personal fortunes built up—are, I think, unduly under the influence of a shibboleth just as inapplicable to the trust problem as the one just discussed—the shibboleth that big enterprise, *always and necessarily*, is odious.

No one represents this type so well, perhaps, as Mr. Bryan. Is theft to be punished only when it is “unreasonable,” he inquires (discussing the recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases), or assault and battery, or burglary, or murder? Between the offenses denounced in the Decalogue on the one hand, and big enterprise on the other—between the offenses that have been always and inherently wrong, and these phenomena arising naturally in the course of modern industry—Mr. Bryan sees no distinction. And this in the face of the fact that “monopoly,” even, is not *necessarily* wrong—that our patent and copyright laws recognize it as something not only right, but advantageous to society; and in the face of the fact, also, that it is not “combination,” standing alone, that the Sherman law makes a crime, but only “combinations in restraint of trade.” If I lay my hand on my neighbor’s cheek, it may be assault and battery and it may not, accordingly as it is calculated to hurt him physically and in feelings or is not calculated to so hurt. The laying of the hand on the cheek, considered alone, is not the offense—the hurt, or absence of hurt, to body or feelings determines its character as an offense. And so with “monopoly” and “combination” the test should be, not solely is the given enterprise a monopoly or a combination, but, being such, *does it hurt society?*

There are many monopolies that confessedly do not—the railroads, the telephone and telegraph service, and the electric-light service—these, properly conducted, are helpful—helpful from the fact of being monopolies. And many combinations are really helpful—helpful, too, from the fact that they are combinations. Suppose it should turn out, for illustration, that in the transformation from the hoof to the meat market—from the farmer's pasture to the consumer—the packers took, for their service, one-fourth of one cent per pound only, while under the old individual system of butchering, or under a system not "concentrated," the same service would have cost five cents per pound (or under the old system the service of the butcher cost five dollars a head while in the new only one dollar and a half a head was taken out), would Mr. Bryan say that the concentrated system should, none the less, be dealt with as "criminal"? And suppose it should turn out, too, that in the absence of "concert" this low cost of manufacture could not be maintained, is our adherence to the old shibboleth, "Concert or combination is odious," so unbending that the farmer or consumer, one or the other or both, must maintain that shibboleth even at the price of paying three or four times more as the cost of manufacture of the meat sold and consumed? For the increased cost involved would fall on some one. "Oh," but Mr. Bryan says, "what becomes of the individual butcher?" What has become, I ask, of the old stage-driver whom the railroad displaced; or the old farm-hand who cradled the wheat, whom the harvester displaced; or the old artisan whom machinery has displaced? *All occupied at better wages and shorter hours under the new system*, is the answer. The question is: Is the change helpful to the whole public; for what helps the whole public will help, eventually, even those displaced in the readjustment made. I do not speak for the packers in this article. I do not say they can make the showing. The point I make is: Shall that which would not be hurtful but helpful be made, as a matter of law, "criminal," not because it is hurtful but because it is industry "in combination"—shall there be no distinction between the helpful and the hurtful, provided either is the product of concert or combination?

Now the first thing needed, it seems to me, to reach "common ground," is that both these half-views be laid aside.

The preconception, amounting almost to a moral axiom, that rules the mind of the business world, even that portion of it unallied with the trusts, is that restraint on what men may do, banded together in a corporate entity, is the same as restraint on *individual* freedom in industry, and therefore is against "natural right." This preconception eliminated, the business world, at least that portion unallied with the trusts, would be in a position to consider the trust problem from the broader view of what is *evil* in combination as well as what is good. The preconception that rules the minds of the men opposed to the trusts, amounting almost to a moral axiom, is that the mere "banding together," apart from whether the effect is helpful or hurtful, when it assumes large proportions, is something against "natural right." That preconception eliminated, men opposed to the trusts would be in a position to consider the trust problem from the broader view of what is *good* in combination as well as what is evil. The difference seems to be largely a difference of moral view; and the first step toward "common ground" is for each to perceive that *its own* preconception of what is "natural right," as well as that of the *other*, is incorrect—that to include, on the one hand, the government-given right to incorporate, among the *natural rights*, or to include, on the other hand, every form of business concentration as *violative* of natural right, is, in each case, to shut one's eyes to the real origin, the real significance, and the real mission of co-operative enterprise in the modern world.

But the whole question does, in the end, turn largely on "moral right." Our people, as a whole, are prosperous. Industry, as a whole, is, from a purely economic point of view, pretty soundly organized. The one trouble with our prosperity, as a whole, viewed from the standpoint of the business man, is that it is overhung with a thunder-cloud out of which may come, at any moment, the bolt that will destroy. Legitimate business does not know what its legitimate boundaries are. And the one trouble with our prosperity, as a whole, viewed from the standpoint of the masses, is that it is disproportionately distributed—that a certain class get out of it much more than their just proportion. Both of these views involve "moral right." For it is the moral right of the business man who wishes to be law-abiding, that he know *in advance* what the law is. An

ancient tyrant purposely wrote his laws on the public tablets so high up that no one could make out their meaning. That they were on the tablets fulfilled the letter of his obligation; that they could not be made out fulfilled his thirst for cruelty. History has execrated him. The business man has the moral right to legible laws. But the business man is not the only one entitled to a moral right in this matter. Every man among the masses has an equal moral right—the right that he, *individually*, shall not be dropped out of his country's prosperity. For while the people have no moral right to impose on the business world illegible laws, the business world has no moral right to a scheme of things under which is taken to itself all that is left, after the masses have obtained their bread and shelter. *It is not by bread alone that men live.*

Can organization in industry, including the right of "concert," and in some cases of "monopoly," be brought to a condition where what is within the "man" will be given room to be worked out by him, both for his own benefit and the benefit of mankind, without giving him a premium so exorbitant as to be unjust? That is the problem of the day. In every other field—the mechanical arts, agriculture, literature, the professions—men are given full room and freedom without this exorbitant premium. Industry, individually carried on, gives full room and freedom without this premium. Cannot enterprise incorporated—enterprise given the right of concert and combination—be so conditioned? This, I sincerely believe, is the real new constructive work given this generation to do.

In some respects this work given us to do is greater and more difficult than even the one the founders of our government were given to do. There, as here, the main purpose was "liberty"—individual men left as free as possible from interference, to do the best that was within them. But there, too, as here, was this basic fact: that in many aspects of society men acting individually cannot do the best that is within them—that in some aspects of society men must act in mass—that there are some ends that can be successfully attained only by welding the strength of each and all into the strength of one. With the founders of our government the problem was on the political side of society; and the thing they had to do was to devise those units of political power that, consistent with this liberty to the "man" to

go on doing the best that was within him, would *unite* the strength of men, just when and where strength united would best subserve these purposes. What the founders thus accomplished is the political constitution under which we live.

The thing we have to do is to devise units of industrial power that, consistent with liberty to the "man" to go on doing the best that is within him, will unite the strength of men, just when and where united strength in these new times is the instrumentality needed.

What form shall our work take? No one man can adequately design a work so comprehensive and intricate. But I can, I think, make some intelligent suggestion to the work.

First, then, is the question: How can liberty be secured to the "man," to do the best that is within him, where the man must work through the agency of some great industrial concentration, in many new fields now the only available big way to do the necessary big things; that is to say, *how is modern legitimate business to obtain the atmosphere of liberty?* The one restraint on that liberty now is the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and the State Anti-Trust Acts. Within certain limits these acts are essential and should be maintained. But they need this cardinal amendment, it seems to me: that *prohibited* restraint of trade should be defined to be only those transactions that, keeping in mind the necessity for big things being done in a big way, bring about as *actual results*—not merely potentially, but in fact—hurt rather than help to the public.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Missouri in the International Harvester case illustrates what I mean. The court in that case flatly finds that the "combination" had not, considering the rise of prices generally, raised the price of their machines to the farmer; that the combination had not resulted in the sale of deteriorated machines; had not, in the important particular of current repairs, injured the situation of the farmer—rather had helped it; and in the absence of exercising its power wantonly, it could only keep out competitors by the superior efficiency of the combination as a going business concern. But none the less the decree went against the "combination," because through the combination thus effected the company had acquired *power*—potentiality as distinguished from actual outcome—to do one or all of these hurts.

! This was an interpretation of the Missouri statute. It

accepted, without question, the old view, that because there was then no economic value to the public in industrial concentration, the sole motive of combination *must* be purpose to raise prices and exclude others—ignoring altogether the economic value *to the public* of concentration as the fact exists to-day. The Sherman Act ought not, and will not, I really believe, be so interpreted when the Supreme Court of the United States once has that question *squarely presented*. An agreement that fifty years ago could have had no motive other than self-aggrandizement, and, therefore, no foreseeable result other than something harmful to the public, may, under the conditions of to-day, be based on the best of economic motives, bringing results not harmful but helpful to the public; hence, *not* “restraint of trade” *now*, whatever it may have been *then*. Indeed, an analysis of the long line of cases on this subject will show, I believe, that in none of the *early* English and American cases was there the absence of this element of *actual hurt* to somebody—not the mere *power* to hurt, but the hurt itself, or the intent to so hurt—a suggestion powerfully reinforced by the fact that at one time the English Parliament did undertake to make unlawful the mere “engrossment” of trade, whether its actual result was hurtful or not; but after a short experience repealed the act. But lest the Supreme Court should not interpret the Sherman Act, as it now stands, in the light of this comparatively new economic fact, Congress should by amendment put it plainly into the act.

But how can this liberty to the man to do the best that is within him—liberty to legitimate business to have the atmosphere in which alone it can succeed—be secured, even though the Sherman Act is thus interpreted or amended? How can the Sherman Act thus interpreted and amended be made *workable*, so as not to continue to subject business to the uncertainties of the law, on the one hand, or give it license to exploit the public on the other?

A large part of the industry of the country is carried on by corporations or persons that are still in strict competition with one another, but who meet statedly or occasionally to confer respecting trade conditions, output, prices, and the like. This is “concert” or “conference” as distinguished from formal “combination”; but none the less subjects those who participate to the consequences of the Sherman Act, where the “concert” or “conference”

amount to "agreement," quite as effectually as if the participants were in formal combination. I would amend the Sherman Act to permit such concert or conference, provided it is wholly through associations nationally incorporated, and all that is agreed upon or done in such association is first submitted to the supervision and veto of the bureau, commission, or department of corporations. This would mean that prices *resulting from* concert would have to have the approval of the bureau or commission similarly as in Germany now. In that way these concerns would be informed *in advance* what in the way of concert would be permitted and what would not. And if they chose to proceed without obtaining such information in advance, or chose to go beyond the limits of the information obtained, there would be no longer any injustice, nor any uncertainty, in enforcing rigidly the penalties of the act.

In the case of corporations that have become so powerful in their field of industry that they dominate what prices shall be charged and what competition shall be permitted, I would either restrict them to such dividends as, all things considered, represent a fair return on the actual value of what they have put into their enterprise, or put their operations under the eye of the bureau, commission, or department, with power, subject to change as conditions changed, to fix the *maximum* of prices, in which case, to the extent that the conditions imposed by the bureau, commission, or department had been observed, the Sherman Act should not be applied. In other words, keep these smaller concerns that resort to "concert" of action, and these bigger formal combinations, if restriction on dividends is not the better method (and I greatly doubt if it is, at the present time, at least), within the boundaries of what is the inherent and normal *business advantage* of concentration, as distinguished from what concentration may do, both in the matter of prices and in the matter of eliminating competition, through the mere *wanton power* of size and dominancy; for here, again, there would be the just element of information *in advance*, beyond which they could not go unless they chose to take their chances under the Sherman Act.

Of course this bureau, commission, or department of government will be human. Providence has no greater kind of man to lend us; and if it had, we would not, perhaps, accept him. There is, indeed, no working machinery in this world,

social, political, or economic, that is purely automatic. In all, somewhere in the chain of forces at work, the human link will be found. But experience has shown that these public commissions the country over have, on the whole, proven just and practical. This is a fact the corporations themselves are just beginning to realize. No better testimony to this fact could be given than what was said by Mr. Cravath recently of the New York Public Service Commission. Besides, there is no alternative except the alternative of leaving it to the combinations themselves; and the combinations are human also. And then, as a directive and educational influence—an influence that in the long run would lay down the lines for the bureau, commission, or department, as the sailor's chart in the long run determines the course of the ship regardless of temporary departures out of the way—there would be the right of review by the courts, in the deliberate methods followed by the courts.

I have spoken of the unexampled individual fortunes that have been taken out of corporate concentration in industry, by a few men, within a period so quickly come and gone that to the most of us we cannot realize that it has come and gone at all. The tree from which these fortunes have been picked is that almost universal turn, within this period, of the inventive human mind to the powers laid away in nature for the uses of mankind; and the sinews that enabled these men, from among all other men, to pick these fortunes for themselves was their almost exclusive hold upon the workable capital of the country, utilized through their almost exclusive hold upon the corporate channels of industry.

More than all other causes combined this phenomenon is at the bottom of our social disturbance. It is the worm in the core of what would otherwise be a fairly sound apple. It cannot now, to the extent that it has been done, be undone. In a measure our past public neglect of the corporation as an essential instrument in industry has been the cause. But none the less it is a phase of these new times that was not, and is not, and cannot be right. And whatever of the past must remain, its recurrence must be provided against for the future; and, thus provided against, the whole phase would soon pass out of sight in the ever-changing conditions of wealth in industry.

I do not mean by this that the people of this country do not wish success to continue to be rewarded; nor do I mean

that our people believe that one talent should draw the same as ten; nor do they fail to perceive that with the *useful* rich man, it is through individual acquirement that he has enabled himself to become useful. What I mean is, that the day of power to so manipulate the "corporation" that, as a form of wielding capital, it may, in the hands of those who so choose, become a deceit and a snare, while still remaining the reservoir into which the bulk of the workable capital of the country pours, must come to an end.

But how begin this process? Lead off, my answer is, by the national incorporation of every enterprise the bulk of whose raw material is drawn from States other than the company's domicile and the bulk of whose finished product is sold in States other than the company's domicile, thereby bringing their business into interstate commerce. Then construct this national corporation on lines, respecting capitalization, the payment of dividends only when earned, simplicity in arrangement of securities, and the like, that as a "form of holding property" the corporation will have become a real trust, in the old sense of that word "trust," for the benefit and security of its stockholders.

Upon this feature of our new industrial constitution too much emphasis cannot be laid. In it resides the real seat of our future salvation. From the commission headed by President Hadley of Yale I had hoped much. Perhaps they went as far as their authority warranted. But the result is disappointing. In the anxiety of this commission not to give rise to any popular expectation that because the corporation is made by the State or nation a fit instrument to hold and wield capital it will be thereby guaranteed to be in every instance a successful industrial enterprise, they decline to take any effectual step to make it even a fit instrument. Their vision, to my mind, is confined too narrowly to the corporation and corporation securities as a mere tool or implement in the hands of industry as a whole. The corporation as a "form of holding property" ought to be much more than that—should be treated on much broader lines than that—nothing less than a real institution of government in the successful performance of whose mission lies much of the prospect of our people continuing to be for the future, man for man, a property-acquiring people. Every year the justice of the practice of dividing profits with those who help to make them is more and more recog-

nized and acted upon by business concerns. What the future corporate policy should look to is to see to it, that in addition to the growing investable capital of the country, these periodically divided profits find channels also through which, instead of being eaten up as they are divided, they will become the foundation of permanent individual stakes in the country's property—will give to those to whom the profits come not only the consciousness that they have helped create prosperity, but the enjoyment also, the encouragement, and the incentive to a contented citizenship that is contained in the consciousness of receiving and holding one's just share in the property created.

These, then, are the general lines on which to place, it seems to me, the industrial side of society—activity that is *helpful*, given liberty to do the best that is in it to do, whether the brain behind it works individually or is required by economic development to work through forms of concentration; *hurtful* activity restrained; the judge of what is hurtful and what helpful, so far as it is essential that judgment *in advance*, from day to day, be rendered, an agency of the people; the courts of the country left with power to render such judgment where business chooses to accept uncertainties and delays rather than have these judgments in advance; and, finally, but even of greater moment, the ever-growing corporate domain practically, as well as in theory, opened up to the people, to the extent that a vigilant government can make a domain safe by making the forms of holding property within it secure.

At long intervals, a case is tried in the court of public opinion, in which every one—business man, farmer, clerk, and workman—are parties in interest. This trust problem presents just such a case. Reduced to a simple issue it is this: Is there a place, politically and humanly, in this new age, for what the age industrially has developed, or is industry and the law of the land always to so go on that neither can move without injury to the other? Is it not time that the trial on its merits should open—that there should be a campaign of education on a higher plane than mere partisan advantage—conducted to prove the economic value *to the public* of co-operation in industry, *properly safeguarded*, as the campaign of 1896 proved the economic value *to the public* of the gold standard?

PETER S. GROSSCUP.

MR. ALDRICH'S REPORT

BY ALBERT S. BOLLES

ANY reader of Mr. Aldrich's report is fully justified in distrusting his disinterestedness because of the method of investigation adopted by the monetary commission under his leadership. In all previous investigations of a similar character the commission, or committee of inquiry, has invited assistance from every quarter. To any one who had a fact or idea, a suggestion or criticism to contribute to the common fund of desired information, investigators have lent a patient and courteous ear. But the monetary commission from the beginning to the present has never had a session to which the public have been invited for presenting their views. Its inquiries have been narrowly confined to bankers, as if they were the only persons worthy to appear and be heard. The great public, who have a much wider interest in the problems before the commission by reason of their number and the magnitude of their business, have been absolutely ignored. And even the few bankers who were summoned to meet the commission in hotel parlors and other quiet places, away from the open track of men, were bankers of known views; and thus at all times the commission, under the domination of its chairman, has been at work with a preconceived purpose, which is artfully concealed in the most elaborate and intricate system of money and banking ever wrought out and presented for the consideration of any people. We have conversed with many bankers who have carefully studied it, but while saying they thought it contained something that would be helpful to them also admitted their failure to master the "suggested plan."

Another unpleasant feature of the report is the great part openly played by its chairman. The matters that had chiefly interested him during his long career as legislator, and

his method of dealing with them, had furnished him with no adequate preparation either of mind or temper for his final task. Yet to all intents and purposes he has been the entire commission. In due time Mr. Aldrich's "Suggested Plan for Monetary Legislation" appeared, which, with a few modifications, has been accepted by the other members of the commission. Mr. Aldrich seems to be proud of his achievement; the other members seem to be content with the part they have played of appearing on the stage and disappearing therefrom at the nod of their chief. Probably the unusual compensation they have received, with comfortable and comforting travels abroad and at home in seeming search for ideas, has done not a little to reconcile them to their sphere of inglorious inactivity. Whatever the truth may be, the like is without a parallel in the long history of Congressional inquiries by commission.

What, then, were the great problems before the commission and how have they been solved? There was a banking problem and a currency problem. What was the banking problem and what has the commission done in the way of solving it?

As we all know, a portion of the national bank deposits is kept by law as a reserve. With some bankers this was one of the most objectionable features in the act when first considered in committee and afterward by the two houses of Congress; on the other hand, conservative bankers regarded this as one of the best features of the law. The adventurous bankers were opposed, declaring that they knew better than the Government how much reserve they ought to keep. They talked then as they talk to-day, and the same spring was at the source of their contention—profit. The battle long continued until a compromise was struck of permitting banks in the smaller and more numerous places to keep a part of their reserve with one or more banks in larger places. A large part of this legal reserve flows into the national banks in the central reserve cities—New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, the New York banks obtaining the much larger share.

Of course no bank keeps the reserves of other banks for a philanthropic purpose. It would not take their reserves if it could not use them and thereby earn a profit—a fact known by lenders when parting with them. There is only one way in which the receiver, so he reasons, can

prudently use them—lend them on call. By lending them in this manner, theoretically the lender keeps them within control and can obtain their immediate return. But, as we all know, whenever there is a general demand by owners for these reserves and calls are made by reserve-keepers for them, they cannot be had for the good reason that borrowers cannot borrow money from any other source to repay them. Reserve-keepers then have the alternative either to sell the collateral held as security, in which case the stock-market rapidly falls, resulting often in panic; or, to save their borrowers and perhaps themselves from loss, hold their collaterals and by cutting off discounts from the commercial class replenish their reservoir from the supply needed by commercial borrowers. With the supply thus obtained reserve-keepers are able to return the reserves demanded. Again and again has the commercial class been thus sacrificed to save the call-loan borrower. Every autumn almost the scare rises from the probable or actual demand of reserve-keepers. They tell us the money is needed to move crops and at once proceed to blame the currency system because there is not more money afloat which they can use. But why should the Government or the currency system be blamed for a difficulty entirely of bank creation? Banks know, or have every reason to believe, when they take these reserves and lend them, that they will be demanded; and that the condition of things which will lead one bank to demand its reserve is general and will lead every other bank to do the same thing. Banks know, for the experience has been repeated so often, that a general call or demand for balances is likely to occur next autumn and the autumn following and so on indefinitely. Knowing this, and bankers know nothing better, the commission's task was to find some way of keeping more of these reserves at home. This is what every one has said ever since he understood the consequences of sending them to New York. It requires no large measure of wisdom to perceive that if deposits are sent there from time to time and then a large portion is suddenly recalled trouble must inevitably follow. Therefore they must not be sent; or, if they are, must be withdrawn in a different manner.

How does the commission propose to check the flow of these reserves to the national banks in the central reserve cities? Mr. Aldrich has been most careful to do nothing

to lessen the flight of a single dollar. This evil, which is so apparent and has been admitted again and again by bankers and others on many occasions, Mr. Aldrich leaves untouched. And for the best reasons from one point of view. It would lessen the profits of those banks if any considerable portion of this reserve money were permanently withdrawn.

Mr. Aldrich, however, does present a partial solution—the creation of a vast central banking association of which all the national banks will be members. When they wish the return of their deposits at times and in quantities that will inconvenience the central reserve banks, instead of calling for them they are to turn over the paper they intended to discount to this central association. By this method they will relieve the central reserve banks from the embarrassment of returning deposits which they do not have and cannot easily obtain, while the banks that sent them will be relieved from embarrassment caused by their customers through the kindly action of the central association which will take care of them. In other words, it is proposed that the country banks shall join the other banks in creating a central association whereby the central reserve banks will be enabled to retain their grip more firmly on the reserves of the country banks. If this plan were adopted we do not believe that the country banks would long remain in ignorance of the losing game to themselves. They would soon discover that something had happened to them to diminish their profits. Had their deposits been returned, which they were free to use, they would have loaned them and obtained full interest; deprived of them, they would discover their loss in the way of profit, except the profit paid by the central bank—a much smaller sum than would have been otherwise obtained. The direct result of this plan, therefore, to the country members would be a distinct loss of profit; and there is no way of making the scheme work out differently unless the banks that retain the deposits are required to pay a higher rate of interest for withholding them.

Another consequence of this plan, if put in operation, has thus far passed unnoticed. At present one of the few effective checks to speculation is the high rate of interest demanded of speculators during periods of unusual demand by the country banks for their deposits. Many who do not understand the real reason for such action by the banks

regard their course as purely mercenary; in truth, it is intended as a check to speculation and serves a good purpose. But if the Aldrich plan were adopted, as the banks would have a firm grasp on their deposits, the annual check to speculation would be less restrained. The Aldrich plan may therefore be rightly regarded as a plan for stimulating speculation, as if the terrific evils springing from speculation, so familiar to all, did not exist or needed encouragement, like gambling or tippling, which the gambling or tippling house keeper believes should be encouraged. That this would be one of the results of a more permanent retention of the deposits in New York there is no room for questioning—a result quite sufficient to condemn the plan among that large class who believe speculation should, if possible, be checked, not stimulated.

Again, it is assumed that the central banking association can use its own credits in the way of issuing notes and accommodate its members by rediscounting their paper. Can its notes be always expanded to the desired extent? To issue these there must be a gold basis, and if the bank needs more gold for this purpose, can it always obtain it whenever desired? Doubtless it is practicable to base bank-note issues on credit to a limited extent, but a limit truly exists and is recognized by every note-issuing bank in the world. But Mr. Aldrich has too glibly assumed that his central association can command gold whenever needed. To get it the bank must borrow or buy it and he has not set forth the conditions under which either thing can be done at times when it may be most needed.

It is also assumed that with this huge capital there will always be a great fund for use, that the reservoir will always contain a vast supply for its members, for this is the very object of creating the fund. This is a fine assumption, but let us look a little further into the probable working of the institution. If the bank keeps a large fund on hand to meet emergencies, then its dividends will be small and its members will complain. If its funds are closely lent, then its note issues will be its chief resource and may be inadequate. Let us also remember that its members are the same banks that now send their reserves to New York, notwithstanding the illegitimate use made of them in order to swell dividends. Will they be less eager for dividends on their stock invested in the central institution? It cer-

tainly cannot closely lend its funds and keep them at the same time; this, as we have seen, is the manipulation which the national banks have been trying to perform, ever since their organization, with their legal reserves and with ill success. The thing cannot be done. The national banks have been trying to utilize every dollar in order to garner greater profits; the central institution must follow a similar course if it is to earn them. But if it is kept strong in order to meet emergencies its dividends will be small and disappointing. If this is to be its policy its members would be just as well off, nay better, if they sent less money to the banks in the central reserve cities and kept more at home. They would lose no more by this, probably less, than by investing in a central institution whose policy should be to keep large resources in order to be able to assist its members during unexpected emergencies.

Mr. Aldrich, therefore, keeps well away from the real difficulty. He would not, if he could, check to the slightest degree the flow of the bank reserves to the central reserve national banks.

Of course the banks dislike to keep any more of their resources inactive than the law or inability to use them requires. But is there no other practical solution of the problem than that proposed by Mr. Aldrich? If there were no other way then, it would be preferable to reduce the amount of legal reserve which a bank is required to keep. For, as we have seen, the reserve thus kept with another bank is not a true reserve; it is, in fact, not kept anywhere; and therefore, if the amount were reduced there would be no sacrifice of safety to the extent of the reduction by the change. But instead of reducing the amount relief can be obtained in another way. The Government might issue a currency bond or note, one say for one hundred dollars in amount bearing 3.65 per cent. interest, or one cent per day, and permit the banks to exchange their bonds for these interest-bearing notes. A bank should be required to pay something more than par for them—a price that would yield them about three per cent., or what the Government must and ought to pay on the money it borrows. In other words, the Government ought to pay the banks for the use of their money as much as it pays others. They are entitled to fair treatment; with this they should, and doubtless would, be satisfied. They would thus receive more income from their

reserves than they receive under the present plan or would receive under the Aldrich plan; their funds would be kept at home where they ought to be; and the banks would be free from the charge, now so often made against them, of aiding unlawful speculation. The notes could be used as currency, if desired, like the seven-thirty notes issued during the first year of the Civil War which served the double purpose of an investment and currency. As the interest could be easily calculated, one cent a day, it would not be difficult to circulate them, for the seven-thirties were passed from hand to hand in making payments. As the amounts proposed are large, one hundred dollars, their use doubtless would be confined to the more important transactions. If, on the other hand, it were desirable to issue them in smaller amounts, they could be returned to the Government and kept by it as security for notes of smaller denominations and bearing no interest.

If the amount of national obligations thus converted into interest-bearing notes were inadequate, the obligations of some of the great railroad corporations might be used, under proper restrictions, for the same purpose. These guaranteed by the Government would have equal currency with the Government issues, while a feasible way exists to protect the Government for thus using its credit.

The other feature of the Aldrich plan, the creation of a new kind of currency, based primarily on an exchange of credits and secured partly by a gold reserve, possesses more merit. There is nothing new about the plan except the machinery prepared for effecting that purpose. Mr. Aldrich prefers, however, to turn over the Government deposits to this institution and involve the national Government as a co-director of its fortunes. Already the national Government is overburdened with duties which are inadequately performed; to be a co-director in such an institution is a most delicate duty which it is poorly fitted to perform. From such an ill-assorted union of national and private interest there is no rational ground at the present time for anticipating good results. The strong tendency would be to sacrifice the national interest to that of members of the institution. The representatives of the Government, whatever might be their wish to serve and protect the public interest, would have neither the time nor the opportunity to acquaint themselves with its affairs nor to direct like the

other directors. They would be at a disadvantage from every point of view; and it is too much to assume that the other directors would not take advantage of their manifest superior position to obtain and maintain undue control. We have not space here to enlarge on the objections to such a union of public and private interest in a central banking institution. Every probability is against fair, disinterested play by the private directors in their game with the Government's representatives.

Another objection to the plan is the manifestly unfair division of profits accruing from the use of the Government deposits. The plan prohibits the payment of any interest on them to the Government; nothing, therefore, is to be received by it directly for their use. Nor is the Government to receive anything in any other way until the happening of several contingencies. The stockholders are to receive first a four-per-cent. cumulative dividend on their investment. Next a contingent fund of \$2,000,000 is to be accumulated. The net earnings afterward accruing are to be used in three ways: one-half of them to create a surplus fund until it amounts to twenty per cent. of the association's capital, one-quarter is to go to the Government "as a franchise tax," and the other quarter to the stockholders.

If the bank keeps a large portion of its resources on hand in order to be able to respond effectively to the demands of members, its profits will be small and the Government is not likely to receive much, if anything, for the use of its money. On the other hand, if the bank seeks to be a profitable enterprise and profits are large in consequence of the full employment of its funds, the Government deposits will contribute largely to this result; nevertheless, the Government would receive by this plan only a meager sum compared with a just division of profits. Indeed, its compensation would be so grossly inadequate for the great service rendered that the institution would surely encounter the storm of public indignation as soon as the working of the plan was generally understood. If these deposits are not to be loaned by the association, nothing would be gained by removing them to it; if they are to be loaned, there is no peculiar reason why it should not make a fair division of the profit from loaning them with the owner, the Government. Assuming that the present system of keeping the Government deposits should be radically changed, and that

hereafter they should be so administered as to form a part of the general monetary circulation, there is no reason why the Government should not seek to obtain as much profit from their use by the proposed institution, if having custody of them, as an individual or corporation would seek to obtain from an unusually large and desirable deposit confided to a bank.

One other question it is worth the reader's while to consider. Why have we in this country so many more troubles about our money and banking than those who live in the more important countries of Europe? If their systems are better than ours, why cannot we adapt them to our needs? The true answer is, we are attempting a very different feat from them. We are trying to invent a system from which the last possible dollar of profit can be extracted and yet which will be safe. This is why we have so much difficulty. If we would be content with a little less profit there would be no serious difficulty in discovering a safe and simple system without the smallest need of adopting this amazingly complicated system bearing the name of Aldrich..

ALBERT S. BOLLES.

“THE GREAT ILLUSION”

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

In the early months of the year 1911 appeared a book called *The Great Illusion*,* which attracted at the time much attention and approval which it probably still commands.

I have read the book twice attentively. Owing to the number of topics incidentally discussed, I have found difficulty in realizing to myself the precise thread of the argument. The author, however, in two instances at least, has defined the purpose of the work in words of his own; I say in words of his own, because he has chosen, not unwisely, to preface his conception of “the great illusion,” which he thinks prevails widely, by numerous illustrative quotations from others, whom he constitutes his antagonists in idea. Based upon these citations, he then summarizes (p. 29) the illusion which he detects in them as being

“one of the universally accepted axioms of European politics—namely, that a nation’s financial and industrial stability, its security in commercial activity—in short, its prosperity and well-being—depend upon its being able to defend itself against the aggression of other nations, who will, if they are able, be tempted to commit such aggression because in so doing they will increase *their* power, and consequently *their* prosperity and well-being, at the cost of the weaker and vanquished.”†

Again (p. 336) :

“At the root of the whole armament difficulty lies the theory that economic advantage goes with the exercise of military force; in other words, armaments exist as the logical outcome of that illusion with which this book deals.”

I believe that the thesis thus defined is erroneous in at least two particulars. First, as a matter of fact, economic advantage frequently has accompanied the use of military force, and resulted from it. Two conspicuous instances of

* *The Great Illusion*, by Norman Angell. G. P. Putnam’s Sons. 1911.

† Italics here are the author’s, not mine.

this afforded by history are: the supremacy of Great Britain as a financial and industrial community, due mainly to the predominance of her military sea-power during the eighteenth century to the fall of Napoleon in 1815, and the economical development of Germany following upon the war with France in 1870-71. Second, the purpose of armaments in the minds of those maintaining them is not primarily economical advantage, in the sense of depriving a neighboring state of its own, or fear of such consequence to itself through the deliberate aggression of a rival having that particular end in view. The object is the assertion of right in doubtful questions which are continually arising, largely from the progressive exploitation of unutilized regions of the world. In illustration, it is necessary only to cite, as very recent or still pending, the questions of Tripoli, Morocco, and China, with the Open Door. Between the states of European civilization these are not questions of legal right and wrong; because no law exists, no valid title. Titles are being made by international agreements, but the agreements themselves, in the process of development and at the moment of making, are conditioned by force. In connection with these, disputes are continually arising which more than once have led close to war. It is true that, should war come, the scene would be chiefly in Europe, and that provision against financial and economical dangers thence arising is one principal motive to armament; but it is not true that aggression upon the financial and economical system of another state is the motive for armament anywhere.

The particular point of view of the book, which has led both to the selection of the quotations from opponents (pp. 17-28), and also to the definitions of *The Great Illusion*, just cited in the author's words, is further illustrated by two passages. Thus (p. 77): "The real basis of social morality is self-interest": that is, as the proverb more tersely puts it, "Honesty is the best policy."

Again (p. 370):

"Is not the root of the profound distrust of, and hostility to, the peace man, that his plea has been made rather on the basis of altruism than of interest, on morality rather than of policy? The man in the street is firmly convinced that he is being asked to surrender some solid interest in favor of morality—sentiment, as he would call it."

It may be said, then, that the main argument of the book proceeds on the basis that the solid bottom fact in inter-

national relations is regard to material self-interest, and that “ the great illusion ” is that material self-interest can be advanced by the use of force; either by fighting, or by the armaments which, by showing force at hand, prevent fighting yet compass desired ends.

These remarks and quotations can be taken to define the general topic of the book. Before proceeding to discuss it, and to comment upon certain particularities, or details of the argument, it may be best to state at once the very different point of view from which the present writer approaches the matter. I hold that the interest of the nation is indeed the business of the government, but that the danger of war proceeds mainly from the temper of the people, which, when roused, disregards self-interest. In every country the government, in that guardianship of the interests of the state which we call policy, pursues a certain line of conduct. This results in friction with the policy of another country. As discussion proceeds, each government, deeply conscious of the evils of war, endeavors to reach a solution of peace; but to the people the matter gradually assumes the aspect of a right and a wrong, and popular feeling, disregardful of that particular self-interest which peace represents, is wrought up to a pitch of supporting its asserted right by arms. The history of the past summer illustrates these positions. It has been apparent that the governments of France, Germany, and Great Britain have earnestly striven for peace, that their several stands were taken rather on the ground of national right than of immediate economic advantage, and that the moods of the several peoples answered more readily to the feeling of national honor at stake than to any supposed material self-interest.

In short, the inciting causes of war in our day are moral; a statement which includes of course immoral, as both adjectives, though opposite in meaning, as are “ good ” and “ bad,” belong to the same category of motives. The war of the United States against Spain is held by some Americans to have been unjust, and therefore immoral; by others, among whom myself, to have been illustriously moral; but by neither, I apprehend, can it be seriously maintained to have been inspired by self-interest. The American government tried earnestly to avoid it, believed that it could be avoided; deceived therein, I think, by failure to appreciate

Spanish diplomatic methods as illustrated by history. The people forced the issue. In my last article in *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*, I have cited *seriatim* the principal wars of the last half-century as proceeding demonstrably from motives essentially moral. Even where self-interest is at the bottom of the trouble, as possibly in the present state of feeling between Germany and Great Britain, it is less the loss endured than the sense of injustice done, or apprehended, that keeps alive the flame.

I believe, therefore, that the fundamental proposition of the book is a mistake. Nations are under no illusion as to the unprofitableness of war in itself; but they recognize that different views of right and wrong in international transactions may provoke collision, against which the only safeguard is armament. Unarmed, or inadequately armed, the nation is exposed to the perils of commercial disintegration and consequent popular suffering, depicted in the quotations from the advocates of armament upon which the author bases his case. No one imagines that fire-insurance and the police are otherwise than unremunerative expenses, unless fire or breaches of the peace occur. The illustrations are time-worn, perhaps a little shop-worn; but they can never be outworn, because the nature of the provision made in police and insurance is exactly that of armament. The new French ministry, just constituted as I write, with the experience of the Morocco controversy fresh in mind, affirms its faith that a strong army and navy are the best guarantee of peace; yet we know that its predecessor labored for peace, and that war was averted by diplomatic action, in which armament assuredly counted. The War of Secession stands as a perpetual beacon against disarmament. Never were two antagonists less armed. A distinct preponderance of armament on one side or the other, or such a common readiness as would have indicated devastating hostilities, might have held the hands of both. Certainly, had the material superiority of the North been organized in armies and navies, there could have been no four years of war.

In this connection it may be interesting to recall the observation of the late Mr. Carl Schurz, that in his wide experience of political speaking he had always found "the people" responsive to moral appeals when plainly set forth; even when the result traversed what appeared to be

their self-interest. Mr. Schurz was a hater of war; but still, as he looked with emotion upon the heaped-up dead at Gettysburg, the War of Secession justified itself to his mind through the moral motive, the extinction of slavery. The two motives, moral and interested, will co-exist; but self-interest, even when recognized, does not possess the impelling power which is supplied by the sympathies, or by the sense of right and wrong. “ Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel *just*.” Self-interest is also less easily perceived by the mass, because its connection with a dispute is often indirect. Bismarck *may* have engineered the wars of his day with a sole view to the material interests of Germany, but the force behind him was the passions and enthusiasm of the people.

The difference between Mr. Angell’s conception and my own of the motives which move nations is illustrated by his comment upon a passage of mine quoted by him:

“ That extension of national authority over alien communities which is the dominant note in the world politics of to-day dignifies and enlarges each state, and each citizen that enters its fold. . . . Sentiment, imagination, aspiration, the satisfaction of the rational and moral faculties in some object better than bread alone, all must find part in a worthy motive. *Great and beneficent achievement ministers to worthier contentment than the filling of the pocket.*”

Upon this Mr. Angell’s comment is:

“ Have we not come to realize that this is all moonshine, and very mischievous moonshine ?”

I regret there is not space to quote in full the remarks which follow (p. 309), for they illustrate how completely the author’s prepossession with material interest, as the great and almost sole cause of national action, dominates even his power to understand another’s words. He likens the idea presented by me to the self-satisfaction of a man elated with his social position and wealth. The words which for present convenience I have italicized show clearly enough a wholly different ideal—that of the use of power for beneficent ends; a moral purpose, certainly. I personally am proud, as an American, of what America has accomplished in the late Spanish possessions and in the Panama Canal Zone; and if I were a Briton, I should feel a like pride in the benefits done to India and to Egypt. I will cite, in support of this simple idea of pride in country, words of the present Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who will not be

suspected of jingoism by any who know either himself or his writings. Speaking of the sanitation triumph at the Isthmus, he says, "Assuredly the world has seen nothing like it before; and, standing face to face with it, is not the American justified in a certain access of race pride?" This I conceive is precisely the gratification indicated in my words criticized by Mr. Angell—national *esprit de corps*, a moral force, the power of which is everywhere recognized.

Argument must proceed necessarily upon the recognition, illustrated by the instances cited, that with nations as with men absolute singleness of motive is rarely found. Mixed motive is the rule, not the exception. Mr. Angell is inclined somewhat to make merry with opponents of his thesis, because at one time they allege self-interest, at another moral motives, as the spring of impulse to war. The inconsistency of this is not in the argument, but in the complex material dealt with—human nature. Bronze is copper and bronze is tin. Nothing is gained, but much is lost, by ignoring duplexity of characteristic.

Nothing too will be gained, only time lost, by disputing the conclusion elaborated at great length by Mr. Angell, that in the close interrelations of modern states injury done to the commercial or financial stability of one reverberates throughout the entire community, returning in due force upon the victor. His theory concerning war, and its incident armament, is founded upon the conception that both are the outcome of supposed material self-interest. Upon this basic assumption he erects the superstructure of argument that, by recognition of the fact that self-interest does not gain by war, but loses, the motive to war and to armaments will be attenuated and ultimately will expire with the illusion which now fosters it. His premise is, I think, his own great illusion. To regard mankind, in individuals or in states, as so dominated by self-interest that the appeal of other motives—ambition, self-respect, resentment of injustice, sympathy with the oppressed, hatred of oppression—is by it overbalanced and inoperative, is not only to misread history but to ignore it. Almost every war of the past half-century contradicts the assertion. Nations will fight for such reasons more readily than for self-interest.

Even on the ground of self-interest only, the argument appears overstrained. That war between two great nations injures both, and that the injury is felt by the whole in-

ternational community, has become a commonplace of modern political thought; testified almost yearly by the anxiety of governments to localize disputes by confining them within a given area. This anxiety is probably the largest constituent factor in the Monroe Doctrine. But when the conclusion is pressed to the point of maintaining that a disproportion between the welfare of two states may not be produced by war, to the permanent advantage of one, so that it may even advance to a position of economic supremacy, the proposition appears contestable. I had occasion several years ago to look somewhat extensively into the economical and financial conditions of Great Britain toward the end of the Napoleonic wars. They were dismal; but it is true none the less that those of the Continent were so much worse that Great Britain owed the long start which she held and kept to this cause largely, of course not solely, for a single reason rarely accounts for all the phenomena of a social order.

Great Britain owed her superiority then to the armed control of the sea, which had sheltered her commercial and industrial fabric from molestation by the enemy; while by the same means she crushed the prosperity of France, disabling her from utilizing her rich resources in the processes of commercial exchange. The latest *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1910) says:

“ The commercial supremacy of England was due to a variety of causes, of which superior intelligence, in the ordinary business sense, was not the most important. Her insular position, continuity of political development, and freedom from domestic broils played an important part in bringing about a steady and continuous growth of industry and manufactures for several generations before the modern era. The great wars of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century gave England the control of the markets of the world. When peace was restored, England had something in the nature of a monopoly.”

Progress of this kind, which may not reach supremacy but simply modify the relative conditions of the states concerned, may be brought about either directly or indirectly. As the result of the war between France and Germany in 1870, Germany acquired territory and a huge indemnity. These were direct results. She received also the final impulse to national unity, consummated in the formal institution of the German Empire. *The Great Illusion* considers the territory and the indemnity to have been necessarily

of doubtful benefit, but the argument is not convincing. The statement (p. 94) that prices go up as money becomes abundant is obvious, but it is difficult to understand why loans bearing interest may by good administration produce advantage to a nation—or a firm—whereas a sum bearing no interest must be a detriment. As a matter of fact, Germany was handicapped by lack of capital, due to her late entry into the industrial race and to the severe competition of neighboring rivals of longer industrial antecedents and consequent larger accumulations—of France, Great Britain, Holland, Belgium. A close and extensive student of German conditions writes of 1871, “Material enterprise of every kind was fertilized by the capital which now became loosened, and sought new and larger channels of employment.”* The capital drawn from France could scarcely have come amiss to such conditions, though it is certain that sudden easy money caused wild speculation, with attendant disasters, as it always does.

On the other hand German national unity has assured, throughout the countries thus confederated into one empire, the development of an economical and industrial system which, among other effects, has resulted in reducing emigration from some 200,000, in 1879, to 25,000 yearly now; although, coincident with this diminution, the population is increasing by 800,000 annually. This is indirect result. Moreover, that 25,000 outgo does not denote a surplus of unemployed, as former conditions did. On the contrary, Germany receives at certain seasons of the year a large influx of labor from surrounding districts; so that the claim has been advanced that she is now an immigrant country, notwithstanding the annual natural increase of nearly a million—totaling fifty per cent. since 1870.

In connection with this result, from the political union of several communities previously separated, may be noted the confident assertion of *The Great Illusion* (p. 45) that enlargement of territory does not connote increase of financial prosperity. It is said, let Germany annex Holland, and not an individual German or Dutchman will be a penny the richer. There appears here the fallacy that the administration of a large capital cannot be made more productive proportionally than that of a smaller. Granting equal efficiency of administration, the proposition seems to contravene experi-

* W. H. Dawson. *The Evolution of Modern Germany*, p. 38.

ence. When the scale of increase is as small as in this instance, the population of the Netherlands being less than one-tenth that of Germany, effect, even ultimate effect, may possibly be slight. Nevertheless it would be there; while in the consolidation of the German states into the German Empire, or of the thirteen American States into the American Union, with its subsequent expansions, the consequences have been notorious. Both these political measures conduced to great economic advantage, and both were enlargements of territory. The same is true of the unification of Italy; a first period of great distress followed by sustained progress.

The degree to which such consolidations are beneficial depends upon whether they are natural—correspond to fundamental facts—or artificial. In the one case a nation is formed, in the other merely a political entity—like Turkey—not homogeneous. The effect, when real, is to extend the area of assured peace for the communities concerned, and also to strengthen them as competitors in the markets of the world. Concerning Alsace-Lorraine, a much smaller area than Holland, it has been noted that not only did the annexation add to the industrial power of the Empire by the manufacturing establishments there existing, but also that these, being brought within the industrial system of Germany, competing on equal terms, forced a higher standard upon German manufacturers as the only way to meet these new and better-equipped rivals in the home market.*

But it may be urged that these instances, England after the Napoleonic wars and Germany after and since the war with France, if conceded applicable at all, relate to conditions which have now passed away to return no more. Much of the argument of *The Great Illusion* turns upon the allegation that the past is in many respects so wholly past that arguments based upon its experiences are no longer valid. It happens, however, that we are now in the midst—perhaps, indeed, no further than at the entrance—of an era wherein is foreshadowed clearly a future class of great issues, which in some instances have already taken concrete form. Upon these I have touched frequently in previous articles of this series. In restating the facts, I am glad to avail myself of certain phrases and expressions used in a late number of

* Howard, *Recent Industrial Progress in Germany*, p. 29. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1907.

The Spectator (December 30, 1911) by a correspondent of the paper and criticized in the editorial columns: "The instability of the present mapping-out of the earth's surface"; "the resettlement to be accomplished"; "the capacity to govern well native populations," in whose hands vast territories now lie useless; "the capacity to bring into use material resources which lie undeveloped." "Are the British four and a half millions which alone now occupy Australia in effective occupation" of the vast continent? "Can we wonder if Germans ask themselves whether there would be fundamental iniquity if they took in hand the development of the Amazon Valley?"

The recent Morocco question was only a particular instance of this class of disputes. It must be remembered that it was not merely between France and Germany; that among its antecedents had been arrangements between France and Great Britain, and France and Spain. The process of readjustments is going on before our eyes with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope; Morocco, Tripoli, Bosnia, Albania, and Macedonia, with Turkey in general—where the recent attempt at better government appears to have broken down—Persia, China, the Open Door. Our Monroe Doctrine stands, succinctly, for our intention that the like readjustments shall not take place at the expense of America; and this position may possibly be resented as a contravention of international common law. Amid all this Germany stands observant and equipped, with administrative and industrial efficiency fully demonstrated, convinced that she has not yet received her fair share of the world's activities, yet unable to find a suitable entrance to play the part to which she is equal and, knowing herself to be, is determined to have. We know that this sentiment is prevalent. The Chancellor of the Empire very recently said:

"For months past we have been living, and we are living now, in an atmosphere of passion such as we perhaps have never before experienced in Germany. At the root of this feeling is the determination of Germany to make its strength and capability prevail in the world." (*Fortnightly Review*, January, 1912, p. 147.)

In pursuit of the thesis that self-interest is the fundamental factor in international relations, and that no advantage to self-interest is obtainable by military force; or, as it is put, that "armaments exist [only] as the logical outcome of the illusion with which this book deals," *The*

Great Illusion is led to disparage size, military power, and the sentiment of nationality as elements of national well-being. Here, in passing, comment is necessary upon the remark that small, undefended states, such as Belgium and Switzerland, are equally prosperous, or more prosperous, than certain large ones. These states are not wholly undefended in themselves; but their security depends upon the maintenance of the Balance of Power, which the great armed states conceive essential to their own well-being. Under the ægis of this mutual jealousy, reinforced by a moral indisposition to conscious wrong-doing, such as the wanton annexation of a weak neighbor would be, the smaller states prosper in peace, and are spared the expense of armament in great part. Their fire insurance, or war risk, is paid by other states. *The Great Illusion's* explanation (p. 44) is quite otherwise. “ On what does the evident security of the small state rest? On the simple fact that its conquest would assure to the conqueror *no profit*.”

The German Empire is the most conspicuous instance of the recent constitution of a great nation, territorially extensive, equipped with great military force. It is also seemingly the most aggressive of the large European states; because, being narrowly circumscribed by land and by sea, owing to its geographical position and past history, it has the poorest present opportunity for expansion. From its military characteristics it is chosen for frequent animadversion, being cited as an instance of non-achievement of national ends as compared with smaller communities. Thus it is stated (p. 38) that Norwegian three and a half per cents. stand at 102, the German three per cents. at 82; but as regards national well-being as an object of government, it is not mentioned that of the Norwegian two and a half million souls 20,000 emigrate annually, of Germany's sixty-five million only 25,000, though the population increases by 800,000 annually. Comparison is instituted also between the funds of “ powerless ” Belgium and “ powerful ” Germany, 96 to 82; but the modern prosperity of Belgium antedates by nearly two generations (1815-1870) the constitution of the German Empire, with which began the great industrial advance of Germany.

Again, it is urged (p. 100) that the standard of comfort among French people is higher than among Germans, despite the industrial and commercial development of the lat-

ter, which is styled a "sensational splash." To which nation, however, shall be attributed the greater virility—to the one which, far overweighted, has done so much in a generation and at the same time increased its numbers fifty per cent., or to the one which, repressing natural growth, has thereby augmented mere material well-being? Unless a corresponding physical degeneration can be shown among Germans, there can be but one reply.

The period of distress in Germany following 1871 is attributed (pp. 95-100) freely to the indemnity of a thousand million dollars taken from France, showing, as it is claimed, the unprofitableness of indemnities; but it is not mentioned that, apart from the period of speculation unhappily excited, Germany then was passing through the transition period from an agricultural and handicraft system to the modern industrial, the same process which had been attended in other countries—notably Great Britain—with equal if not greater agitation and suffering. It is said (p. 38, note) that in the small country Holland the wealth of the individual Dutchman averages sixteen thousand francs, while the German averages but nine thousand; but it is neglected to observe that Germany up to the middle of the last century has been an agricultural country—in 1871 three-fourths of the population was rural—capital scarce; whereas Holland, favorably situated for commerce and driven upon the outside world for employment, had long been a capitalistic country with big accumulations. A hundred years ago the Dutch did a large banking business, while the inland rural military monarchies depended upon British subsidies. It was the divisions of Germany which principally prevented her economic progress; state working against state. Consolidation into a great community gave internal peace and industrial development; but for the accumulations which constitute capital time is needed for nations as well as for an individual.

To evidence the prosperity of small countries, Norway's merchant shipping is cited as thrice that of Great Britain in proportion to population; but it is not noted that, in the same proportion, the total tonnage entered and cleared *with cargoes* in the United Kingdom is double that of Norway. That is, in proportion to population, there is double the commercial movement. So also Spain's management of the war of 1898 is compared (p. 222) with that of the

United States, in order to show the superiority, even in military management, of a commercial country over one essentially military. This is, perhaps, the most extreme disregard of notorious conditions. The inefficiency of Spain is notorious in civil as well as military matters. Does any one suppose that the United States would have had a like walk-over if opposed to the military state of Germany? The trouble with Spain was not that she was military, but that she as a nation was incapable and had been for over two hundred years.

Amid many suggestive remarks, Mr. Angell's treatment appears vitiated by failure to appreciate these and other qualifications which make against his thesis. Insistence upon details, however, rather obscures than elucidates, and the author's presentation of his case suffers from this, as also, especially in the latter part of the book, from unbecoming superciliousness of tone. The fundamental error, however, is the conception that nations maintain armaments with a view to aggression in behalf of self-interest, measured in speedy returns of dollars and cents; a view which dominates the entire book, despite a timely caution conveyed by a prominent international banker (p. 135, note):

“ Though the economics of your book are unchallengeable, it is futile, for the simple reason that it deals with material interests, and people to-day do not go to war about business or material interests. I do not know what they go to war about, but I am quite sure it is not about business.”

In the past, when governments were little responsible to the people, wars were made irrespective of popular feeling from motives of advantage purely. To-day all recent history shows that governments are reluctant to go to war; but they recognize, and the people sustain them, that war may come, and that if it does it will expose the nation to vital injury to its “ financial and industrial stability.” This is quite different from the apprehension that the reason of an enemy for declaring war is to inflict such injury.

The causes of quarrel now are quite otherwise than the barefaced robbery which marked the career of absolute monarchs like Louis XIV., Frederick the Great, and Napoleon. The motives now are rarely simple, usually complex; but historically they have not been “ to increase power and prosperity at the cost of the vanquished.” Those who remember the War of Secession know how powerfully the

sentiments phrased by the words, "The Union" on one side, and "Independence" or "State Rights" on the other, outweighed any thought of interest. The German people rose as one man to support Bismarck, because the quarrel appealed mightily to the nascent sentiment of racial unity. Russia attacked Turkey in 1877 because of the wave of intense popular sympathy with peoples undergoing cruel oppression; a sympathy widely felt elsewhere, but in Russia only transmuted into act. The South African war illustrated what the author of *The Great Illusion* (*Spectator*, January 6) thinks impracticable for the most part; namely, the protection by force of the citizens of one state in the territory of another. The British Government scarcely expected to increase its prosperity or financial stability by aggression upon the Transvaal Republic. It stood to lose money, not to gain. The whole question turned upon the treatment of British subjects during the interval between immigration and naturalization; and the motive drew in not the British Islands only, but the English race in Canada and Australasia as well.

A mature consideration of the wars of the past sixty years, and of the occasions also in which war has seemed imminent but has been averted, will show that the motives to war have not often been "aggression for the sake of increasing power, and consequently prosperity and financial well-being." The impulses, however mistaken they are thought by some, or actually may have been, have risen above mere self-interest to feelings and convictions which the argument of *The Great Illusion* does not so much as touch. The entire conception of the work is itself an illusion based upon a profound misreading of human action. To regard the world as governed by self-interest only is to live in a non-existent world, an ideal world, a world possessed by an idea much less worthy than those which mankind, to do it bare justice, persistently entertains. Yet this is the aspect under which *The Great Illusion* avowedly regards the world that now is. It matters little what the arguments are by which such a theory is advocated, when the concrete facts of history are against it.

A. T. MAHAN.

POLITICAL PARTIES ON THE EVE OF HOME RULE

BY EDWARD PORRITT

THE most obvious and significant change in British politics between the first and the third bill for conceding home rule to Ireland—between the Parliamentary session of 1886 in which Gladstone introduced his first measure and the session of 1912 in which a third attempt is to be made to meet the demand of the Irish Nationalists—is the vastly altered position of the two great political parties. It is a change, sweeping in its character, which is at once apparent when the House of Commons of to-day, with its independent groups and with men of a new class in the lead, is compared with the House of Commons that rejected the home-rule bill of 1886 and thereby precipitated a realignment of parties that had been threatening since the second extension of the franchise in 1867.

From the reign of William III. to the downfall of Gladstone's third administration in 1886 there were only two political parties. Originally they were Whig and Tory; but from 1832 they had been known by their modern names of Liberal and Conservative. In these two centuries there were no organized groups independent of these parties except the group that came into existence in 1873 when Butt, Parnell's predecessor, organized the Irish Nationalists, who then as an assertion of their complete independence preempted the benches below the gangway on the opposition side of the House of Commons which they have since continuously occupied. During these two centuries when power was not in the possession of one of the two historic parties, it was, as a matter of course, in the hands of the other; and it is only since 1885 that governments have had to rely on political groups organized outside of both the Liberal and the Conservative parties.

Of the two parties that were thus alternately in control of the Government until 1886 the Liberal party was the more remarkable as regards the elements of which it was composed and also the range of social classes which it embraced. From the time it was known as the Liberal party it included (1) the Whigs, an exclusive cult into which only men of the territorial governing class and of a lineage dating back to the Revolution were admitted to full membership; (2) the Radicals, who began as unattached allies of the Whigs in the days of Pitt, when the cry of Whigs and Radicals was peace, retrenchment, and reform; (3) the Liberals—men who were more democratic in their political views and convictions than the Whigs, but not disposed to travel so quickly nor so far as the Radicals; and (4) in the last twelve years of the period the Liberal party included the Liberal Labor members, trade-union leaders of the school of Burt and Broadhurst, who in politics were the precursors of the present Independent Labor party in the House of Commons.

Whips summoning members of the House of Commons to a division are as old as the reign of Charles II. As a Parliamentary institution they are older than government by party and government by cabinet. Government whips have been issued from the Treasury since government by cabinet became well established, from what for a century or more was approximately known as the office of the patronage secretary. But never since whips were first issued from the Treasury did they go to men of a political party more composite in its constitution, more diverse in their political convictions and aims, or more widely separated in social rank than during the lifetime of the Liberal government that preceded the general election which made the first home-rule bill inevitable.

At one extreme, at the older end about which the Liberal party had been grouped since the days of Fox and Grey and the long agitation for the first reform bill, were the Whigs. In this House of Commons their foremost representative was the Marquis of Hartington, who later, as Duke of Devonshire, was the owner of vast estates in half a dozen English counties and in Ireland—a great seigneur, with six or seven territorial mansions, where he was often the host of royalty. At the other extreme—the newer end—were the Labor members, living on salaries of £250 to £300

paid them by their unions, not long from the mine or the work-bench, and voicing in the House of Commons the convictions and aspirations of organized industrial democracy that twenty years later was to assert itself much more widely and aggressively and to create a party of its own at Westminster and in the constituencies.

The remarkable composition of the Liberal party in the Parliament of 1880-1885, with one exception the last Parliament in which the Liberals were to be in power without the support of independent groups, did not go unnoticed by the opposition of the day. Stafford Northcote, afterward Earl of Iddesleigh, who was then of the House of Commons, commented upon it in his diary; and as early as April, 1880, before the second Gladstone administration was fully organized, he was hopeful that a Conservative cave might be formed among the Liberals, with Goschen as its center, and that the Conservatives might soon join hands with these bolters and ultimately bring some of them into a Conservative administration.

Salisbury, who was pre-eminently the most outspoken of Conservative leaders, gave public utterance to sentiments akin to those that Northcote confided to his diary. A few of the Whigs of the House of Lords did break away from Gladstone over his Irish land legislation of 1881—legislation which the Conservatives have since carried infinitely further than Gladstone's act of thirty years ago—with Argyll and Lansdowne, now leader of the Conservatives in the House of Lords, as the leaders of the recession. But there was in this Parliament—one of the most trying of Parliaments for the old Liberal party—no such bolt by Goschen and other Liberals as Northcote had forecast; and it was 1884 before Salisbury predicted in public the break-up of the Liberal party that was to come in 1886. Salisbury then pointed to the heterogeneous elements of which the party led by Gladstone was composed and declared that it was then held together rather by the dexterity of its leader than by harmony of opinion and aims.

The Whigs had long been impatient of the conditions within the Liberal party that Northcote and Salisbury described. The Radicals for at least twenty years had been equally impatient at the domination of the Liberal party by the Whigs, between whom and the Conservatives the Radicals refused to see any difference when questions af-

fecting the Established Church, the land system, the feudal and political privileges of the territorial aristocracy, and the extension of the Parliamentary franchise and of local self-government were at issue. But the Whigs were in possession. It was not possible between 1832 and 1886 for the Radicals to supplant them, for the moderate Liberals—financiers among whom Goschen was typical and lawyers like James and Selborne—who were not of the territorial governing class and not of the Whig cult leaned much more to the Whigs than to the Radicals, and would have tolerated no movement by the Radicals antagonistic to the Whigs. The Whigs had regulated the pace of the Liberal party since 1830, whether the Liberals were in or out of power; and when the Liberals were in power six-sevenths of the offices in the cabinet and ministry and much other less exalted patronage of the government went, as a matter of course, unchallenged, to the Whigs and their nominees.

The power of the Whigs over the Liberal party accrued to them from obvious reasons. The Whigs were first in the field. They were there before there was any Liberal party. They were the progressive and reforming party from 1793 to 1832. They carried the first reform act, when the Whig borough-owners showed some disinterestedness and self-denial; and there was, moreover, a persistent tradition that survived more than half-way through the nineteenth century that since the Revolution of 1688, and more particularly during the reactionary era of the French Revolution and the English wars with France, the Whigs had been the guardians of the rights of the common people.

In the first period of popular political agitation—in the troubled and dreary half-century that preceded the reform act—the Whigs had led in some of these popular movements, always with caution and circumspection and with due regard to the dignity of their order—a dignity that demanded that they should not come into too close touch with the Radicals and the Radical organizations. None the less the Whigs had led in these early Liberal movements; and by this lead between 1793 and 1832, and the prestige and traditions of rule that attached to them, the Whigs had secured the hold on the Liberal party that was easily theirs until the third extension of the franchise in 1884 and the immediate break-up of the Liberal party that followed.

With the exception of Lord John Russell, no Whig gave

a lead to popular liberal movements from 1832 to 1885. The mission of the Whigs during these years, when they had to rely on Radical and Liberal support in the House of Commons and the constituencies, was not to lead in any progressive movement. It was their function to hold the cabinet offices and to apply the brake when the Liberal party was in power and its supporters in the constituencies were looking to a Liberal government for legislation in accordance with Radical principles. Hartington, in reviewing in 1882 the mission of the Whigs since 1832, admitted to a Liberal and Radical audience of his Parliamentary constituents in the industrial division of Northeast Lancashire that since 1832 the Whigs had never been leaders in reform. "The part of the Whigs," and he claimed credit for it in his speech to the electors to whom he owed his seat in the House of Commons, "had been to accept reform in time, and then by their influence to moderate it and prevent it being too violent and too abrupt."

By 1882 this was also largely the mission of the Conservative party, for the Conservatives ten years earlier had abandoned the attitude of their more Tory days of unbending opposition to all reform. They were now actuated by the opportunism that marked their extension of the Parliamentary franchise in 1867 and disposed to act on the principle that Lord Derby enunciated in 1871 when the bill for the abolition of the purchase of commissions in the army—a reforming measure of a Liberal government—was before the House of Lords. The bill was rejected by the Lords, but Derby refused to have any part in its rejection because he held that no institution was tenable in England which could not be defended by arguments intelligible to the mass of the electors.

Since Gladstone's first administration—1868-1874—the territorial members of the Whig party, who included about all of the old Whig cult, had been linking themselves more closely with the territorial class of the Conservative party. Their interests were the same. They had the same political privileges to safeguard; and it was obvious in the Parliament of 1880-1885, the last in which Gladstone was maintained in power by Liberals alone, that there must soon be a merging of the two groups that were working to the same end in English politics.

The home-rule bill precipitated the movement of the

Whigs to the Conservatives. Hitherto only stragglers from the Whigs had gone over. The first home-rule bill afforded an opportunity for the Whigs as a battalion to join the Conservatives. They did not go alone. Moderate Liberals went with them and also a group of Radicals led by Chamberlain, who, curiously enough, in the previous ten years had disturbed and antagonized the Whigs even more than Bright had done; more than any Radical who had been of the Liberal party since it had been known by that name. With this movement of the Whigs to the Conservatives there was ended a connection between the Whigs and the Radicals that had never been harmonious, but which by force of circumstances had been continuous since the last decade of the eighteenth century, when Fox and Grey were leaders of the long and weary and often baffled movements for religious equality and Parliamentary reform.

As the Liberal party had one remarkable characteristic through its history up to this time—its inclusion of men of such divergent views as the Whigs and Radicals—so for nearly a century the Conservative party was marked by a peculiar but quite explicable characteristic. Its recent history and its earlier history alike suggest that it is able to thrive and hold its own in the House of Commons for only a limited period. Then comes the time when it suffers from a poverty of leaders, when it is uncertain of its ground, when it is convinced that the country is going to ruin and cannot be retrieved, and when the party is marked by stagnation. Such periods are sufficiently long to leave an indelible mark in political history. The first was after the death of Canning in 1827, when Wellington, a great soldier but an admittedly mediocre statesman, was the only available leader, and when even that part of the restricted electorate that had long been voting Tories into the House of Commons had become much less Tory than its Parliamentary leaders and weary of an indiscriminating point-blank refusal to all demands for reform.

Peel rescued the Conservative party from this first rout and demoralization. The next period of disruption and ineffectiveness came with the repeal of the corn laws and the clinging for six years by the Conservative party to the idea that the corn laws could be re-enacted. Disraeli, who, like Peel, was not of the governing class, this time put the party on its feet again; and from 1870 onward, as

Disraeli claimed in 1873, it was in a stronger and more satisfactory position than it had been since the days of Pitt—a claim that was shown to have good foundation in 1874 when the general election gave the Conservatives a lease of power that lasted until 1880.

The party weakened again when Disraeli, now Earl of Beaconsfield, was too old to lead; and now that the memoirs and political biographies have revealed the inside history of the party, it is clear that in 1883 and 1884 it was heading toward another period of ineffectiveness and was in sore need of another Peel or Disraeli to pull it together once more. What it lacked, why it was weak in Parliament and therefore weak in the constituencies, was pointed out by Borthwick of the *Morning Post* in a letter written in 1881.

At this time, as for twenty years previously, Borthwick was doing more effective work for the Conservative party than any other journalist of the second half of the nineteenth century, with the possible exception of Greenwood, who had founded the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, after the change of proprietors and politics of this paper in 1880, had started the *St. James's Gazette* to offset it. "The cruel weakness," Borthwick wrote, in 1881, in describing conditions within the party, "is in the Lower House men. Votes exist; but brains, inception, and power are lacking and there is a curious patience and even indifference about political matters."

As this extension of the franchise drew near, Churchill and Gorst and a few other Conservatives who chafed at the conditions Borthwick described realized that it might be turned into an opportunity for the Conservative party. Hence the vigorous but short-lived movement for a Tory democracy. The principles behind this movement—the only aggressive movement ever undertaken inside the Conservative party until the agitation for a revival of protection in 1903—was that the great object of government was the welfare of the common people; that the Crown, the Lords and the Commons, and all the institutions of the country were only defensible in so far as they administered to the benefit of the people at large; that the object of reform and legislation should be to deliver the people from the all-powerful classes to whom they were then under subjection; and that the main object of all political measures was to make the lives and homes of the people as healthy and as happy as possible.

Tory democracy was a sectional movement that had no support from Salisbury, Northcote, Hicks-Beach, and the other Conservative leaders of that day. It brought no new strength to the party—certainly none in the place in which Borthwick insisted in 1881 that it was most needed—and had there been no great division in the Liberal party over home rule in 1886 and no movement of Whigs and moderate Liberals over the Conservatives on this or some other issue nothing could have saved the Conservative party from another period of ineffectiveness similar to that which followed the disruption of 1846.

Home rule saved the Conservative party at this juncture. It infused new life into it and soon gave it a longer term of power than any it had enjoyed since the last half of the reign of George III. There was no merging in 1886. The Conservatives already had their electoral organization; and the Liberal Unionists started organizations of their own with the idea that the two groups in the Unionist party were to remain apart, supporting each other in opposition to home rule and to the Liberals whether in or out of office so long as the Liberals were committed to home rule.

The Conservative administration of 1886-1892 drew only one member from the Liberal Unionists; but it might have been wrecked had not Goschen been available in December, 1886, when Churchill unexpectedly resigned as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. The Whigs and Liberal Unionists were not of Conservative administrations until 1895. Thenceforward until the division in the Conservative party over protection in 1903 there was within the party more Parliamentary and administrative ability and more men who could state the Unionist position on any measure from platforms in the constituencies than at any time in its history.

Hartington and Chamberlain between 1886 and 1900 repeated the successes of Peel and Disraeli in upbuilding the Conservative party. Chamberlain, like Peel in 1846, when he began his propaganda in 1903 for a return to protection, was the cause of a disruption. But until he brought this trouble on the party, and headed it once more into ineffectiveness and stagnation from which it shows as yet small signs of recovery, Chamberlain had a greater influence on the policies of the Conservatives than any other leader of the party. The county government act of 1888, a measure

as democratic as any that a Liberal government would have passed, and the workmen's compensation act of 1897, the most socialistic enactment on the statute-book until the Liberals passed the old-age pension act ten years later, are monuments to Chamberlain's influence with the Conservatives from 1886 to the outbreak of war with South Africa.

In the Parliament of 1900-1905 the Conservative majority in the House of Commons was larger than in any Parliament since 1832. Chamberlain had then either abandoned the last shred of his former liberalism or his influence was on the wane, for in this Parliament the Balfour government made church schools a charge on municipal as well as imperial taxes, gave a statutory title to the holders of liquor licenses, and was as heedless of public opinion as any Tory government of the reign of George III.

The merging of the Peelites—the free-trade Conservatives of 1846—into the Liberal party took thirteen years. The Liberal Unionists were three times as numerous as the Peelites. They were incomparably stronger in the constituencies and had organizations the like of which the Peelites never possessed. They also carried over with them so many of the Liberal newspapers as to leave the Liberal party that stood by Gladstone weaker in the press than at any time in its history. But less time was needed to absorb the Liberal-Unionists in the Conservative party than to merge the Peelites with the Whigs and Liberals. By 1896 the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists were indistinguishable in principles, policies, and aims; and certainly in the reactionary Parliament of 1900-1905 all traces of the liberalism, moderate or otherwise, that had marked the Liberal-Unionists had completely disappeared. Absorption in the Conservative party was inevitable from the first. Those of the Liberal-Unionists who went over in the lead of Chamberlain may not have contemplated absorption; but the Whigs who followed Hartington only went where they had long been expected, where they were cordially welcomed, when they were merged into the Conservative party.

The changes in the Liberal party in the quarter of a century during which it has been committed to home rule and dependent for its majority in the House of Commons on outside groups are as marked in the personnel of Liberal administrations as in the legislation for which these administrations are responsible. With the Liberal party con-

stituted as it was from 1832 to 1886, there could have been no old-age pension act, no Lloyd-George budget of 1909, certainly no act like that of 1911 restricting the power of the House of Lords, and no national insurance act like that to which British industries are now adjusting themselves. Both the groups on which the Liberal government is to-day dependent had had their influence on this legislation. The Nationalists were as insistent on restricting the veto power of the Lords as the Labor group; but old-age pensions and the national insurance act grew out of a new political era brought about by the organization of the Labor party and its command of forty votes in the House of Commons.

A comparison of Liberal administrations since 1906 with administrations when the Whigs were in control shows how great has been the change in the personnel—in the class of men from which the members of recent administrations have been drawn. Only two men not of the governing class were of the Whig administration of 1830-1834; and up to 1867 not more than nine or ten outsiders had been of Liberal administrations. Macaulay, Baines, and Gladstone were the only men of middle-class origin who had attained cabinet rank in Liberal administrations until Bright entered the cabinet in 1868. A few more positions of this rank were accorded men of the middle class after 1868, but the Whigs easily predominated in Liberal administrations until 1886. How comparatively little is left to the landed class in Liberal administrations is shown by the fact that only two members of it to-day occupy seats on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, while of a cabinet of twenty members only five were of the territorial aristocracy.

As a result of the realignment of parties brought about by the first home-rule bill and of the more radical tendencies of the Liberal party since that time the land-owning class is to-day more exclusively of one political party than at any time since the Revolution of 1688. The territorial power of the Conservatives is enormously stronger than it was in 1885. Yet, notwithstanding this new strength, its leader to-day—Mr. Bonar Law—the man who must be Premier in the next Conservative administration—is a retired merchant, with no closer connection with the landed aristocracy than had Disraeli when he, like the new leader, undertook the task of retrieving the fortunes of the Conservative party.

EDWARD PORRITT.

DEPOPULATION IN FRANCE

BY WALTER E. WEYL

IN this year, 1912, less than eight hundred thousand living babies will be born to the forty millions of France.

This is the problem of French depopulation in a nutshell. It is the most significant fact in French life. In no other country in the world is the birth-rate so low. In no other country in the world has the birth-rate fallen so rapidly and so steadily.

Not everywhere in France has the birth-rate declined equally. In a few *départements* it has actually increased. There are more children per family in the maritime Alps, in the mining districts about Calais, or among the peasants of Brittany than there are in Normandy or on the banks of the Garonne. If, however, you take an average thousand of the French population, you will find an annual birth of only twenty babies.

How low this birth-rate is may be seen by comparing it with that of other countries. In fifty governments of European Russia the birth-rate exceeds forty-eight. In other words, there are more than forty-eight annual births per thousand of the population compared to the twenty of France. In Bulgaria there are over 41, in Roumania 40, in Servia 39, in Hungary 37, in Austria 35, in Germany 34, in Spain 34, in Chili 37, in Argentine 35. In Italy, Japan, Finland, Holland, Portugal, Uruguay, there are from 30 to 33 births per thousand of the population. Denmark's birth-rate is 29; Sweden's is 26. In England there are over 27 births per thousand; in Australia over 26; in New Zealand almost 27. Except for Ireland and for certain American States (Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Michigan), no country nearly approaches the very low birth-rate of France.

From the birth-rate alone you cannot tell whether the population of a country is increasing or decreasing. The

numbers of the people depend also on the death-rate. In Russia, for example, thirty-one babies out of every hundred die within the year; in Norway only nine out of a hundred die annually. In France, as in other countries, the death-rate has decreased. But in France the birth-rate has decreased so much more rapidly than has the death-rate that the population to-day hardly increases and in certain years it has actually decreased. In the year 1900, and again in 1907, there were more deaths than births in France, and during the last five years (1906-1910) the average excess of births over deaths was less than 30,000.* France's *annual* gain through natural increase is comparable with the *fortnightly* gain of the United States through immigration.

While France with its forty millions is making a gain through natural increase of less than thirty thousands annually, the population of other countries is increasing by leaps and bounds. The natural increase (the excess of births over deaths) in thinly settled Sweden (1909) is well over 60,000 (64,849); in Belgium it is also over 60,000; in little Holland it is 90,000; in England and Wales it is almost 400,000; in Italy it is 377,000; in Austro-Hungary it is over 540,000; while in Germany it is 884,000. It takes France over thirty-two years to make up by natural increase as much as Germany makes up each year. The natural increase in France's population during the five years (1906-1910) is about equal to Germany's increase every two months. No wonder Moltke said, "Every year Germany wins a great victory over France."

The decline in the birth-rate means a relatively less importance for France in the settlement of the affairs of Europe. We do not often realize to how great an extent the former military power of France was due to her large numbers. During the thirty years after the peace of Westphalia (1648-1678), France contained 38 per cent. of the population of the great nations of the time (19,000,000 out of 50,000,000). Since then France while increasing her population has not kept pace with neighboring countries, so that to-day her population forms only about 10 per cent. of the population of Europe.

The low birth-rate in France is due to the fact, not that

* According to calculations based on the provisional figures of the report upon the Movement of the Population of France, *Journal Officiel*, May 25, 1911, this annual gain amounted to 27,441.

the people do not marry, but that they marry and have few children. During the first ten years of the nineteenth century there were four legitimate living children to each marriage in France; in the fourth decade there were only 3.4 such children; in the ninth decade only 3; while in 1910 there were only 2.4 legitimate living children per marriage. For every thousand married women in Holland it was recently found that 286 legitimate living children were born annually; in Prussia, Bavaria, Norway, Scotland, Saxony, Austria, Italy, Finland, Ireland, Servia, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, the number of such children born to each thousand married women within these ages ranged from 265 to 224; in France, during the same period, the number was only 150, and to-day it is still smaller. For all these countries except France, a child is born once in every three and one-half to four and one-half years of wedlock; in France, a child is born once in seven years.

Nor is the low birth-rate of France due to any physical sterility. A comparison was recently made of the numbers of entirely childless households in Paris, Berlin, and Rio Janeiro. Of all marriages which had lasted from fifteen to twenty years 11.3 per cent. had been unfruitful in the Brazilian city, 12.8 per cent. in the German city, and only 13.3 per cent. in the French city. Tuberculosis and alcoholism, which are prevalent in France, may lower the quality of children, but do not necessarily lessen their number. In Canada the French have proved that they are not incapable of bearing children. The reduced birth-rate of France is voluntary, not compulsory.

What is its cause? Why is it in France, rather than in neighboring countries, that the birth-rate decreases so rapidly?

The rough-and-ready foreign critic, who has absorbed his philosophy on the boulevards, proclaims that it is because the French are decadent, because they are wicked, light-hearted, and addicted to art and absinthe. Others ascribe the reduced birth-rate to the worldly-mindedness of fashionable women, who would rather fill their drawing-rooms than their nurseries. But surely this explanation fails to explain. All over the world the vast majority of babies are born in houses which have no drawing-rooms. If you could corral all the women of fashion, and legally compel each to bear

a dozen children, the increase would be almost imperceptible in the vast ocean of natality. The society woman is too scarce to count.

The woman in the case is not the reluctant mother of fashionable society, but a person of an entirely different caste. It is the peasant mother, the bent, self-driven woman, whom we see at work on every harvest-field, who in the final analysis determines the population of France. She is not a statistician nor a student of demography. Nevertheless, when she decides that a family of two children is the only right and proper family, or at least the largest family that *she* can afford, then all the Republic's statesmen and all the Republic's orators may legislate and declaim in vain. Population, though a public question, is settled at home.

The curious thing about the population question in France is that the very virtues which have so long been preached to the attentive masses have led to this lessening of the birth-rate which the preachers so deplore. The French have been exhorted to save, and accordingly have reduced expenses by reducing their families. They have been told to be self-respecting, ambitious, foresighted, and all these qualities have led to small families. They have been told to provide for their children, to keep them from work, to put them to school, and they have made provision for those who are born by not bearing over-many. Democracy has worked toward the same end. So has the growing alienation from the Church. So also the new pacific attitude of the masses, who rebel at the thought of breeding men to be slain. For many years the workman was warned that his fecundity was the cause of all his evils. To-day the same man is assured that his sterility is the cause of the decline, and will be the cause of the death and disappearance of France.

The sterile virtues of the French workmen and peasants, the ruthless foresight which determines the output of men as a trust determines the output of its product, are reinforced by laws which are in turn compelled by the democratic and egalitarian spirit of France. About a century ago the French abolished the law of primogeniture, and decreed that the estate of the father should be equally divided among his children. Now primogeniture is a great breeder. The inheriting son has the wherewithal to beget,

and the younger sons, adventurous because divorced from the family land, beget adventurously. It is otherwise when children share equally. If you have ten acres and your wife's *dot* is ten acres, then two children will inherit ten acres each or four children will inherit five acres each. Fecundity under such conditions becomes a problem in short division. A man of substance and responsibility, a wise man with a well-tilled farm, will not breed beyond his acres.

The economic conditions reinforce this tendency to limit the birth-rate. The population of France is not so dense as is that of Switzerland, Austria, Germany, or Italy, not half so dense as is that of England and Wales or Holland, not one-third so dense as is that of Belgium. But France maintains a far higher standard of living than does Italy or Austria, and it cannot depend to the extent that England, Germany, Belgium, and Holland do upon its commerce in manufactured articles. France is predominately rural. About five-ninths of its inhabitants live in communes of less than three thousand inhabitants. It contains (1906) only five cities with a population of two hundred thousand, as compared with twenty-three such cities in Germany. Its mining resources are not comparable with those of England or Germany, and its output of coal, iron, and steel is far below that of its neighbors. To a considerable extent, the French population is thrown back upon lesser manufactures and upon the care of its ninety million acres under crops, fallow, and grass. The subdivision of these acres into small and microscopic farms brings home to the peasants of France the intimate relation between large families and individual poverty.

It is these economic conditions which set limits to the French population. It is all very well to point to the prolific populations across the border, to urge France to aspire to the population of Germany. But France could not comfortably maintain such a population, any more than a rural county in Indiana can attain to the population of Chicago, or Norway can attain to the population of Belgium. With the rising standard of living in France, the population will probably not exceed the number who can lead a comfortable and civilized life upon French soil.

This limit to population, set by the rising standards of living pressing against the economic opportunities, is frequently ignored by the advocates of a high birth-rate. About

a decade ago, Émile Zola wrote a novel called *Fecundity*, in which he exhorted the French people to be fruitful and replenish the earth. He wrote as though France were the frontier of a new country, like Ohio in 1800, or Illinois in 1840. But France is no such country. There is no spare room. There are some twenty million little strips of land, but there is not an acre which is not claimed by some one, and there are few acres which are not used to their utmost capacity. "The law of diminishing returns" applies fatally in agriculture. Three men cannot live as comfortably upon a twenty-acre farm as can two. France is pre-empted—and used.

But, says Zola, emigrate, colonize. Found a new France in the beyond, in Africa. Let there be a hundred million non-European Frenchmen, speaking the language and maintaining the traditions of the old France. It is easily said. But the battle of Quebec lost America to France; and Algeria and Tunis, Morocco and the Congo offer no adequate alternative. The inhabitants of Algeria will always be Algerians, and of Tunis, Tunisians. To-day the French population in Algeria numbers about half a million, and that of Tunis (exclusive of the army of occupation) is less than forty thousand. Moreover, emigration is not the Frenchman's *métier*. The French have never swarmed over other lands as have the English and Germans, and as the Italians do to-day. Although the French are brave—foolishly, spectacularly brave—although their airmen storm the heavens as their soldiers storm battlements, they are not an adventurous people. They are not gamblers, pioneers, colonizers, enterprising business adventurers. They are home-bodies, loving the pleasant open-air life of their native land. They are too sociable to emigrate.

The people who are suggesting remedies for French depopulation should first make sure that the patient is really sick. Many of the great advances in civilization have at first been considered plagues, and only later was their beneficence discovered.

In the first place, the mischief (if indeed it be a mischief) is not quite so bad as the physicians describe it. There is no real depopulation, for the number of Frenchmen is growing—slowly indeed—but still growing. There are lachrymal writers who speak of France as though it were a deserted nursery, where the prattle and the boisterous noise

of children are never heard. Of course this is absurd. The French have some six million children in school. Yearly eight hundred thousand children are born to take the places of the eight hundred thousand Frenchmen who annually die. Everywhere in France you see children. The precipitous streets of Boulogne teem with tow-headed, red-cheeked, clog-shod children, more like Flemings than French. In Calais, in Havre, in Toulon, in Lyons, in Paris and Marseilles the children play on the streets and in the parks. In other places it is the same. The attitude of French parents toward procreation is temperance—not total abstinence.

The theory of the French toward children is “quality before quantity.” There is, I believe, no country on earth where children are more tenderly cared for, more passionately yet wisely loved, than in France. Sometimes affection oversteps itself. In France, as in America, we have the spoiled, antiseptic darling, the over-nurtured *fil unique*. We have coddling. Yet when we think of the child-torture of so many dreary centuries, when we think of the neglect, repression, and cruelty toward so many generations of children, we can forgive a little softness.

The decreasing birth-rate is in reality a strike against evil conditions. France aspires to be comfortable and civilized. She has the choice of being populous or democratic, and she is choosing the latter.

She is finding her reward in better conditions generally. Despite easy current phrases about the decline of France, that nation advances rapidly in material prosperity. Her moral influence, also, though perhaps not what it once was, is still great. The standard of living is rising. Saving, which is a useful if not an amiable virtue, is becoming more and more wide-spread. Every year adds enormously to the wealth of France and to the diffusion of that wealth among ever-wider sections of the population. The wealth of France, unlike that of England, is not concentrated in a few hands. Alfred Neymarck in his report on French Savings to the American Monetary Commission says:

“There are in France ten million electors, almost all taxpayers. All or nearly all save their money with the intention of putting something by for their old age. There are savings in the special organizations called savings-institutions, in the mutual-benefit societies, in banks and securities, in lands, and in houses. . . . Such is the composition of the private

wealth of France, a wealth which is infinitely disseminated. It can be proved, in fact, that of these ten million electors nine million at least have a book at some savings-institution, a government *rente*, a railroad, or Crédit Foncier bond, or some other security, a strip of land, or a house, whether large or small."

The statistics showing the wide and increasing dispersion of French wealth are illuminating. On January 1, 1908, there were \$950,000,000 in French savings-banks, representing 12,828,847 books or deposits, of which one-third were for four dollars or less. It is estimated that almost \$3,000,000,000 of *rentes* are held by 1,500,000 investors. There are \$1,200,000,000 in lottery bonds widely disseminated. There are \$3,500,000,000 in railroad stocks and bonds held by over 700,000 families. Of twelve million households in France, nine millions own the houses they occupy. Of the total inheritances declared in 1907, only about one in ten thousand was over a million dollars, while over four-fifths of all were under two thousand dollars. France, growing wealthier daily and dispersing its wealth over larger and larger millions, represents a financial democracy. It is seeking to build upon its increasing material resources an improved civilization for a limited number of inhabitants.

This ideal of a higher civilization based upon more wealth more widely distributed and more wisely used is bitterly hated by many Frenchmen. They believe that it is prosaic, niggardly, materialistic, and in the end doomed to defeat itself. They bemoan the land where wealth accumulates and men decay. They declare that the true virtues are simplicity, faith, and martial quality. They fear that France will become a wealthy old nation, which will some day be knocked upon the head by a more vigorous and more necessitous nation. France, they declare, is laying up treasures for its future conquerors.

Everywhere the cry is heard. Societies are formed for the increase of the national population; ministerial edicts and instructions are issued; the newspapers are flooded with protests against the vice of sterility—and the birth-rate continues to decline. France, "which dominated Europe through its military power, its diplomacy, its industry, its commerce, its influence, its colonial expansion, contracts, so that one is compelled to foresee the day when it will be conquered and dismembered, or, at least, when it will fall into a decadence so profound and irremediable that it will

never count again among the growing nations.”* The evil, we are assured, is worse than any which have left their mark upon the Gallic population. The invasions of the fourth century, famines, the Black Plague in the fourteenth century, the Hundred Years’ War, the long years of religious discord, the Fronde, the wars of Louis XIV., and the famines of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries inflicted wounds which in the end were healed. But the present wound is self-inflicted, and therefore incurable. “France,” says M. de Foville, “is attacked by a malady of which it will probably die.”

All these complaints and predictions, all these social dissections and national lamentations may be translated into one word—Germany. The statesmen who wish to give monuments and medals and exemption from taxation to fathers of large families, the publicists who ask for discriminating taxes against celibates and fatherless husbands are impelled by an unnerving fear of the *Erbfeind*. They see a frontier of bayonets, and behind each bayonet a man-child, one of the million man-children born each year in Germany.

To those who think of national conflicts as forever inevitable and as decided always by the number of conscripts, the danger seems self-evident. Germany, which a half-century ago had a population equal to that of France, now has sixty-five millions against the thirty-nine millions of her neighbor. If the recent increase in Germany’s population is maintained, she will grow to a hundred millions within forty years, during a period when France’s population will remain stationary or decline. Fecundity, think the French pessimists, is the primal weapon, more efficacious than arrows, Dreadnoughts, or gatling-guns. How can the tremendous expansive force of a surplus population be opposed by the soft comfort of France? What can prevent the overwhelming of the forty millions by a hundred millions crowded into a neighboring equal territory? Or if there be no war, how can France prevent a peaceful conquest by Germany, an overwhelming through immigration, an infiltration of the denser millions through a porous frontier? However they view it, these men see nothing on the horizon but a Teutonization of France. *Finis Gallia*.

There is often an unconscious wisdom in deep popular instincts, and it is not impossible that the French peasant

* Clément (Henry), *La Dépopulation en France*.

woman with her two children will be justified by the result rather than the prophet who studies statistical tables. France may find its safety in the policy in which it is seeking its comfort and its material advance.

It is true that in a certain sense the problem of the wisdom of France in lowering her birth-rate will be decided in Germany. Whether or not there will be a pressure against her borders, which will compel France ever to be on the defensive, is one of the determining factors in the situation.

The continuance of such a pressure, however, depends not merely upon population. The invading and emigrating impulse arises from hunger, not from mere numbers. Ireland invades England, not England Ireland. The New-Yorker does not move to Vermont, and in Germany it is the thinly populated east which invades the thickly populated west. Population moves not toward unsettled countries, but toward industrial opportunities. And the industrial opportunities of Germany during the last half-century, thanks to a better national organization, have increased enormously faster than the growth in population. Wages have risen, profits have increased, and emigration has fallen off. There was a far greater outward pressure in Germany during the decade beginning in 1848 than there is in the year 1912, although the population of the country during this period has about doubled.

Nor is it inevitable, or for that matter even likely, that the population of Germany will continue to increase as it has in the past. In Germany also the birth-rate is declining. The fact is disguised because, owing to a decline in the German death-rate and in emigration, the population is increasing both absolutely and relatively faster than before. In the decade ending in 1885, the German population increased by 4,100,000; in the following decade by 5,400,000; and in the decade ending in 1905 by almost 8,400,000. But since 1876 the birth-rate has declined, and since 1901 the falling off has proceeded at an accelerating rate.* The German death-rate is already at a point (17.1 per thousand in 1909) well below that of France, and while it may still fall to the lower levels of Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries, it is not to be anticipated that it will long

* In 1901 the German birth-rate (not including still-born) was 35.7 per thousand; in 1909 it was only 31 per thousand.

continue to diminish as rapidly as does the birth-rate. The decline in the birth-rate is becoming a universal, not a merely local, phenomenon. In almost all the countries for which we have adequate statistics the birth-rate declined from 1900 to 1909, continuing, and in general accentuating, a decline from 1880 to 1900.* It is probable, therefore, that in the coming decades the growth in the German population will be more moderate, especially as the standards of living continue to rise, and the growth of a democratic and non-militaristic spirit among the masses produces results similar to those which have made themselves manifest in France.

The growth of the German democracy, and the gradual coming into power of people who have a less immediate interest in foreign conquest than have the dominant classes of to-day, may well lessen the dread in which France stands of her populous neighbor. We are entering to-day upon a new world of democracy with the superstitious fears with which the sailors of Columbus entered upon the western ocean. We obstinately continue to see new international relationships in the guise of the old struggle for bread and spoils. It is possible that fifty years hence it will be as easy for Germany to conquer France as it would be to-day for France to overcome Spain, or for Spain to subdue Portugal. Yet, to-day, France does not conquer Spain; nor Spain, Portugal; nor Germany, Denmark; nor the United States, Canada. New elements enter into the balance of power, and new considerations limit a merely predatory policy. By 1950, it may be wiser to trade fairly than to fight. There may be a community of interest like that to-day between the great banks of rival nations. France and Germany may be allies—or, better still, friends. The memories of Sedan may become as vague as those of Waterloo and Blenheim.

All these considerations—the improving economic conditions in Germany, the decline in her birth-rate, the probable decline in her rate of growth, the rise of democracy and internationalism—may well give confidence to the French,

*The exceptions are Ireland, Chile, Roumania, and perhaps several American States (Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Michigan), but in these latter it is probable that the increase in the birth-rate is only apparent, being due to a more complete registration of births in the later than in the earlier years.

who are tilling an ever richer field with an unincreasing number of workers. And yet the fear of invasion, of a pouring of a fertile alien race over the lands of France, as the northern barbarians poured over Rome, must ever remain a factor in the situation. France, longing for peace, must be prepared for war.

France is preparing. She is placing her trust not only in men but in money. France realizes that the wars of the future must be fought out by financiers as well as by tacticians and strategists, and she is not only building her treble line of Port Arthurs across the frontier, but is accumulating a mound of gold in the vaults of the Bank of France.

The French accumulation of the "munitions of war" goes on uninterruptedly. Already France has accumulated about five billions of dollars of property in foreign countries, much of it in negotiable securities which could be drawn upon in periods of stress. Every year France saves an additional sum of three or four or perhaps even five hundreds of millions of dollars. The Bank of France, the most stable bank in the world, keeps always a hoard of eight hundred million dollars of gold. Money directs diplomacy, buys allies, and pays soldiers. What France could do with its wealth in a great European conflict is faintly indicated by the rôle which British gold played in the wars of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

The battle is not always to the populous nor to the land of large armies. The hundreds of millions which France has spent on fortifications, and the splendid *morale* and fighting quality of the French population, might well hold in check even the well-armed and well-drilled millions of German soldiers. A war between these nations, if it were not short, sharp, and decisive, might not impossibly be won by France through the financial exhaustion of its opponent. For Germany long to keep in the field an army capable of overcoming the millions of intrenched French soldiers might involve a cost which would disrupt all industrial relations, vastly increase the price of food, and reduce enormous sections of the population to a paralyzing distress. Germany, with its prosperity based so largely on manufactures and foreign commerce, is industrially more vulnerable than is France. The rumors of war over Morocco disturbed German credit and business to a far greater ex-

tent than they affected French credit and business, and it is quite possible that in a protracted war between these two nations—which most men in both nations would infinitely deplore—it would not be France which would first show signs of distress. Finally, a war between two great European powers is little likely to be localized, and in a general *melée*—if such a dread consummation is still possible—it would be the power of all the allies and not the power of one which would be the determining factor.

The fear of a German war is not a new thing in France, and if it has not quickened the birth-rate hitherto, it is not likely to do so now. Even though France *could* enter into a competitive struggle with Germany for large populations—which is exceedingly improbable—it is quite certain that *she will not do so*. The personal interest of the average citizen is in favor of a slower propagation and a more rapid advance in civilization. The international interest tends in the same direction. The national interest—still military, still competitive—looks distractedly at feeble frontiers and listens incredulously to tales of peace.

But the question is international, not national. It is not the decrease in the French birth-rate, but of the world's birth-rate that is at issue. Europe must decide whether it is to have half a billion of civilized people or two billions of helots when the twenty-first century dawns. All the nations are slowly moving toward a slackening of an excessive birth-rate, toward a determination of birth-rate not merely by biological instincts but by the hope of civilization and by the conquest of disease and death. At the head of these nations is France. Her birth-rate is already down. She will not raise it, but will wait for other nations to lower theirs. That way lies civilization.

WALTER E. WEYL.

OUR "PRISONERS OF WAR"

BY O. K. DAVIS

"NEITHER slavery nor involuntary servitude, *except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted*, shall exist within the United States," declares the Federal Constitution. But the great charter of our liberties is silent on the subject of the treatment of prisoners of war.

In the summer of 1886 the United States made "prisoners of war" 506 Apache Indians—men, women, and children. In the quarter of a century since then the status of those Indians has not been changed. Their few survivors and their much more numerous descendants—their children and their children's children—are still "prisoners of war." There are among the band men and women of full age who were born into that condition and have grown to maturity without knowing any other lot.

It took only a telegram from President Cleveland to put these Indians and their forebears into this anomalous condition. But it will require an act of Congress to free them from it.

"All the hostiles should be very safely kept as prisoners of war until they can be tried for their crimes or otherwise disposed of."

That was the order of President Cleveland, telegraphed from his summer place in the Adirondacks to General Drum, the acting Secretary of War at Washington. Only a small part of those made prisoners of war were hostiles at the time, but the order was made to apply to them all. How literally it has been obeyed these twenty-five years! Not one of the 506 has been "tried for his crimes" in this quarter of a century, but nearly all of them have been "otherwise disposed of." Tuberculosis and different diseases, with the natural effect of old age, have attended to that.

Now only one or two of the old warlocks whose activities evoked that order remain.

Two or three times the War Department has suggested turning the prisoners of war over to the Interior Department for allotment of land and the establishment of the same status enjoyed by all the other Indian wards of the Government. For a long time the Interior Department successfully opposed receiving them. When, at length, it consented, a new obstacle was found in the inertia of Congress. For two years efforts have been made to secure the enactment of a law that would release these ancient prisoners. Once it actually passed the Senate, only to encounter the inert opposition of an uninterested committee chairman in the House and to die from inattention at the close of the session.

For more than a decade the steadily diminishing number of old men in the band have been appealing to Washington for permission to go to their old homes. At least, if they cannot do that, they ask for homes of their own where they are. They have held councils with different men high in the Government and have urged their cause with tearful eloquence. But to no avail.

"Give us homes of our own," they plead. "Make us free as other Indians are!"

But always the plea has met only unresponsive silence.

One reason alone has sufficed to keep these Indians in their present status. It is that they have prospered and done well under the active supervision to which they have been subjected for the last seventeen years. During that period they have been quartered at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. They live on small farms clustered near the army post, the buildings of each family constituting a "village" bearing the name of the head man of the family. An army officer has been constantly in charge of them. They have cultivated their farms and done all the work of their community under his direction and instruction. Most of their property is held in common. Sales of stock are managed by the army supervisor. They come and go about the reservation pretty much as they please, except that the men are daily detailed to their tasks by the supervising officer, and they may not leave the reservation without a pass from him.

It is not a painful captivity, and they know they are well off as they are. But in the hearts of most of them there

linger the recollections or the traditions of the old home, and they have never ceased to yearn for it. Ojo Caliente! A place far beyond their sky-line, visible only to the eyes of their imagination. They do not know that in the quarter of a century since they were taken thence Ojo Caliente has ceased to be and that its name has disappeared from the white man's maps.

Among the many thousands of Americans who were brought up to believe the old saying that there is "no good Indian but, a dead one," the name Apache has long been regarded as descriptive of the very worst there could be even of Indians. And among all the Apaches the flint-hearted chief Geronimo was believed to be the worst. It was because Geronimo headed the band whose doings led to the great campaign of 1886 that this quarter-century-long captivity came about. Geronimo died some years ago, a "prisoner of war" at Fort Sill.

The official reports of General Nelson A. Miles during the hard campaign of '86 speak several times of the "chronic condition of warfare that for centuries had afflicted the territories now comprising Arizona and New Mexico." There is no doubt that from the white man's viewpoint the Apaches, especially Geronimo's band, were bad Indians. But not all the story is told when the white man's side of it is given. There is something to say, even for these Apaches, and as is so often the case when considering the white man's dealings with Indians, there is much of bad faith in it. It was a conspicuous exhibition of bad faith by the Government that caused the outbreak which led up to General Miles's campaign.

In the years immediately following the close of the Civil War a band of Chiracahua Apaches, under Chief Cochise, had their stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains, away down in the southeastern corner of Arizona. They made a great deal of trouble, swooping down on the whites from their inaccessible mountain haunts and doing much damage. In 1872 President Grant took General O. O. Howard from his work with the Freedmen's Bureau in Washington, and sent him on a roving commission to the Indians of the west and southwest, in the effort to bring about better relations generally and to see if something like a permanent peace could not be established.

General Howard managed, through the assistance of a

white man named Captain Jeffords, whom he met in Arizona, to penetrate into the Chiricahua stronghold and obtain a meeting with Cochise. They held a great powwow, which ended in the conclusion of a treaty under which the Government was to give the Dragoon Mountains to the Chiricahuas as a perpetual reservation, and the Indians were to maintain peace with the whites.

That treaty was duly approved in Washington and for three years it operated to give entire peace to that part of the country so far as Cochise and his band were concerned. But in 1875 that treaty was flagrantly broken by the Government. There had been no offense on the part of the Indians. They were living peacefully on their reservation, abiding by the treaty, when the Interior Department determined that all the Apaches of the different bands must be gathered together into one, and designated the San Carlos reservation, a couple of hundred miles north of the Dragoons, as the place for their future home. Cochise and his band had not been consulted about this. Nothing was said to them until the decision was made, and then they were simply notified that they must move.

The Chiricahuas flatly refused to go. They held by their rights under the Howard treaty. The Interior Department called upon the army to move them, and a regiment of cavalry was sent after Cochise and his men.

"They shall never take us to San Carlos," said Cochise, and they never did.

The soldiers got the old men and women who were too feeble either to run or to fight, and they got some of the children who were too small to keep up with their parents in the desperate chasing back and forth across the mountains that ensued. And for ten years Arizona and New Mexico knew what it was to feel the unremitting hatred of the enraged and outraged Apaches. Murder after murder was committed. Ranches were devastated and families destroyed. Stock was run off or killed and no man was safe without strong guard. There was no limit to the atrocities of the Indians.

With intermittent persistence the Government maintained its effort to get the Chiricahuas up to San Carlos. Cochise died and Natchez, his son, took up the contest as hereditary chief of the Chiricahuas. One of the ablest and fiercest of the followers of Natchez was Geronimo.

From time to time the troops managed to persuade or force some or all of these Indians to go to one or another of the reservations in Arizona. But the period of comparative peace was never of long duration. In the spring of 1885 most of the Chiricahuas were on the White Mountain reservation. About the middle of May, Geronimo, Natchez, and some other chiefs, with seventy-five or eighty of the band, broke away and went on the war-path again.

There followed a series of atrocities that exceeded anything the Indians had ever done. Troops under General George Crook, an Indian fighter of great experience, were at once sent after Geronimo and his band, and an arduous campaign was kept up for a full year. But General Crook was under orders to force an unconditional surrender, and that was more than he could do. Finally, in March, 1886, General Crook had a conference with the Indians at which they agreed to return to the reservation.

The troops and Indians started for Fort Bowie and marched side by side for two days. Then Geronimo, Natchez, and about twenty men, with fourteen women and some children, escaped from the surveillance of the soldiers and took to the hills again. It developed afterward that they had been frightened by stories some of the interpreters had told them of the punishment they would have to meet for their actions during the long hostilities. Geronimo, especially, had been warned that he was to be hanged, and he preferred to die fighting rather than on a scaffold.

Geronimo made the most desperate struggle for himself and his party during the ensuing summer that is recorded in the annals of Indian warfare. General Miles succeeded General Crook in command of the troops in that district. He put men in every valley and organized several flying columns that were ordered to pursue the Indians without cessation until they were captured or killed. Captain Henry W. Lawton—who, as Major-General Lawton, was killed in the Philippines twelve years ago—commanded the column that did most of this chasing of Geronimo. From May 5th until September 3d it was constantly on the march. Time and again the Indian camp was struck, but never was there a pitched fight. Geronimo trusted more to his ability to run than to resist. When struck the Indians would scatter like a covey of quail. The troops would take up the trail of a single Indian and follow it until the band reunited.

Several times most of the horses and equipment of the Indians were taken, but they always managed to replenish their outfit by raids on settlers. A few Indians were killed and some of the soldiers lost their lives, but in the main it was just a case of flight and pursuit.

President Cleveland had ordered that an absolutely unconditional surrender must be forced, and that was what Captain Lawton was working for.

"I hope nothing will be done with Geronimo," wrote the President, "which will prevent our treating him as a prisoner of war—if we cannot hang him, which I would much prefer."

Captain Lawton's report of the campaign shows that his men marched and scouted 3,061 miles in the three months they were after Geronimo, an average of about twenty-five miles a day, marvelous work over that mountain country.

But the work of the fleeing Indians was even more marvelous, for they had women and children with them. And when the band finally surrendered, one of the "prisoners of war" was a baby one month old. There were thirty-one men, women, and children in the band besides this baby.

The Apaches who had surrendered to General Crook in March and had not gone out again with Geronimo had been sent in April to Fort Marion at St. Augustine, Florida, for safekeeping and to get them clear away from the scene of their old activities. There were seventy-seven of them and they were the first of the "prisoners of war" of whom those now at Fort Sill are the survivors. During the campaign against Geronimo, General Miles came to the conclusion that it would be the best thing for both whites and Indians to remove all the remainder of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs—the latter from Ojo Caliente—Apaches from that part of the country. These Indians were then gathered at Fort Apache, Arizona, under the surveillance of regular troops. They were already prisoners of war, but they had not been disarmed and were not held in confinement or under strict guard.

President Cleveland and the War Department favored sending these Indians also to Fort Marion, but General Miles opposed it. Miles argued that as they were a mountain people, accustomed to high altitudes and dry air, sending them to the low land in Florida, with its humid climate, would be equivalent to sentencing them to death. He

wanted them sent to some place east of New Mexico, preferably in what is now the State of Oklahoma. He argued for it manfully, going so far that General Howard, his immediate superior, finally suggested that Miles was questioning the personal orders of the President. But Miles was overruled and orders were issued to send these Apaches to Florida.

Meantime General Miles had obtained permission to send Chatto and several other chiefs from Fort Apache to Washington for a powwow with the authorities there, in the hope that some agreement might be reached as to the place of their ultimate location which would be satisfactory to the Indians. The visit was made and was unsuccessful. Miles had promised specifically that if Chatto and his friends would go to Washington they should certainly be returned to their people at Fort Apache. But again there was bad faith on the part of the Government. On their way back to Arizona, Chatto's party was stopped at Fort Leavenworth and from there sent directly to Florida. There were sixteen men in this band. From Fort Apache 278 adults and 103 children were sent, making 397 in all, to join the seventy-seven sent from Fort Bowie in April. Thus there were 474 "prisoners of war" at Fort Marion when Geronimo surrendered to Lawton and Miles in Skeleton Cañon and none of them had been connected with the outbreak of that year. Geronimo's band were promptly sent on to join the others in Florida. They swelled the number of prisoners of war to 506.

Events at Fort Marion quickly proved that General Miles was right about the effect that climate would have upon these mountain people. They developed tuberculosis and other ailments and died very rapidly. In April, 1887, less than nine months after the great majority of them reached Fort Marion, they had been reduced in numbers to 354. Then they were transferred to Mount Vernon Barracks at Mobile, Alabama—69 men, 167 women, and 118 children. The change did not benefit them from any point of view. They were restless and discontented and suffered much from disease.

At length, in 1894, when the men among them had been nearly exterminated, they were removed to Fort Sill—placed at last in that part of the country where General Miles had desired at first to locate them. There were

only seventeen men left in the band, with 126 women and 117 children.

An era of prosperity opened for the prisoners of war at Fort Sill. Small parcels of land were allotted to them, and the Government helped in the erection of huts and the equipment of their little farms. They received 900 head of cattle to begin with, with some horses and mules and farm implements. The policy of the army officer in charge of them was to keep them occupied steadily. The men were detailed for work every day, some at one task and others at another. But they were not overworked and always had Saturday afternoon off as well as Sunday.

Under the supervision of the officer, they were all, in turn, instructed in farming. Some of them were taught blacksmithing and the wheelwright's trade. Others were instructed in carpentry and all the various kinds of work that are necessary in such communities. They learned how to erect all kinds of farm buildings and sheds and to put up good fences.

Each day one man was detailed for duty as orderly and several for what is known in the army as "police" duty, which is not at all that of a city policeman, but rather that of the city "white wings"—the street-sweeper and cleaner. The usual detail now is seven men to herd, five for stable police, one orderly, one blacksmith, one wheelwright, one or more to repair fences, and the rest to farm-work.

Arrangements were promptly made to give schooling to the children and these have been improved materially. Now the smaller children go to the Dutch Reformed Mission and the larger ones attend at a near-by Oklahoma town.

How well they have done is shown by the fact that now these Indians own about 10,000 head of fine cattle worth approximately \$150,000. They enjoy the reputation of having the best cattle in Oklahoma. They raise good mules and fair horses. They have constructed fifty miles of fence and are well supplied with wagons and other farming implements. Besides their cattle, they have probably \$25,000 worth of stock and other property.

Most of the cattle are held in common, but some of them are owned by different families. Those owned in common are branded "U. S." Those owned individually are branded "U. S.," with the Indian's number. Cattle are marketed only by the supervising officer. The proceeds are divided

and each Indian receives just what is due him and his family.

Three years after the prisoners of war were located at Fort Sill the Government made a trade with the Kiowa and Comanche Indians, who held lands adjacent to the post, by which the reservation was more than doubled. The Kiowas and Comanches gave up part of their land on the understanding that it was to form a permanent home for the Apaches, and the act of Congress appropriating the money to pay for it provided that it should be held "for exclusive use for military purposes and for the permanent location thereon of the Apache prisoners of war." Thus Congress apparently made these Apaches permanently prisoners of war and that is why it requires an act of Congress to release them.

In recent years the Apaches have been pleading earnestly for action. Some of them desire to remain at Fort Sill. Others are eager to return to their old Arizona home at Ojo Caliente, and still others, the great majority of them, want to go over to the Mescalero reservation in New Mexico and join the Apaches there to whom they are related. There have been great changes in Arizona since 1886, and the War Department maps to-day do not show the location of this Ojo Caliente to which these Apaches are so much attached.

Two years ago a general council of all the men among the prisoners of war was held at Fort Sill to secure a declaration on behalf of each man as to what he wanted to do. It was presided over by Lieutenant Purington, the army officer in charge of them, and George Wratten, the old interpreter who served General Miles in that capacity at the surrender of Geronimo, was there to help the Indians make known their desires.

Asa Daklugie spoke for those who wanted to go to Mescalero. He had visited that reservation earlier in the year and had talked over the proposition with the Mescaleros. At this council he gave a report of that visit. He said:

"When I gave them the words of these Apaches, they said we could come there and live inside the lines of their reservation, either with the Mescaleros or by ourselves. I was willing.

"There are mountains there, and all kinds of timber, that can be used to make lumber and build houses, or make fence-posts or railroad-ties. There is plenty of water all over, and streams and springs. Dig

a well three hundred feet, and get water that never fails. It is that way all over the reservation. There are valleys in the mountains and along the streams for farming, where a man can get a farm of ten, twenty, fifty, even a hundred acres. Those Indians said that whatever was planted would grow, whether vegetables or grain. I went down there to see what kind of a country it is, and whether we could make a living on it. The white man first goes and looks at a country, and if a certain spot, whether it be trees or rocks, suits him that is where he wants to go. We are the same way ourselves now. Of course it depends on the Lord whether a man can make a living on that ground or not. It might not rain, the same as it has not rained in this country, and then nothing would grow, no matter how rich the land.

"But we do not depend entirely on farming for a living. We have cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, chickens, from which to make a living. Lots of us know how to do all kinds of work now. You see us around here every day with our old hats on, doing work of all kinds. What we do not know we are shown and have explained to us. Some of us may not have learned yet, but we all have brains, and can and are willing to learn. We are all willing and able and anxious to work. Some of us are old and crippled and not able to work; we who are strong can take care of them. You white people, when a family is poor and unable to earn a living, others will give them something to feed them, also to build a house. We are that way now ourselves. The meanness that was in us is all out now, all gone; none have any more.

"A great many years ago the government commenced feeding us and clothing us. Do they want to keep it up until our children's children and their children's children are old men and women? No, we do not want it so! We think we have been given enough rations and clothing. We want to be free! When this paper goes to Washington we want its words to set us free! Those who want to stay here, let them stay! Those who want to go, send them!"

When those who wanted to go to Mescalero had concluded their appeal, Lieutenant Purington called on those who asked to be sent back to Ojo Caliente. With true Indian courtesy Tse-de-kizen, the oldest among them, was put forward first and then Toclanny spoke. He is one of the few survivors of the original prisoners, but not one of Geronimo's band. Now he is one of the Indian scouts at Fort Sill. He said:

"My people long ago had something that belonged to them. That is why I think and act good. Ojo Caliente! I was born close to there and raised there. That is a good country. There are mountains on this side and on that side and on the other side. In the middle there is a wide valley. There are springs in that valley, fine grass, and plenty of timber around. Dig a well and get water in forty feet! These people who want to go there will get old pretty soon. They want to be there and get settled so their children can grow up there.

"The soil is good there—you can raise anything. Even when I lived there and planted seeds by digging a hole in the ground with a stick,

the corn grew up very high, and pumpkins got very large. Horses and cattle will not freeze there. It is a healthy place for man and beast. Women nor children get sick there. Neither do animals. Do not send me any place but there! For years I have been on other people's ground, and trouble has always come of it. Somebody has always bothered me. That is why I want to go to our own country. That is why I have always been a friend to the white people. I thought that when the time came and I would ask something I would not be refused."

When Toclanny concluded Lieutenant Purington asked what he had meant by saying that for years he had been on other people's ground and trouble had always come of it. Toclanny replied that he had been on reservations belonging to other Indians and there had always been friction.

Through all the council ran that plea for something of their own. Freedom to these Apaches seems chiefly to mean possession of their own land.

Talbot Goody followed Toclanny. Goody was a boy when the Apaches were sent to Florida, but he remembered Ojo Caliente and longed to go back there. He began:

"Ojo Caliente has always been my home. All of my people, as far as I can remember, have lived there. It has been a great many years since I was taken away from there. Whatever officer comes to talk with the Apaches I have always spoken of that, my country. I talked to Secretary Taft when he was here [1906], held him by the wrists, and with the tears running from my eyes begged him to send me back to my own country. I still remember that talk. I told him all the other Indians had land of their own. They had agencies for them, somebody to look out for them. That is what I want you to do with us.

"It has been a great many years that the government has been our father. We are still looking up, and it doesn't matter where they put us, what they do with us; we still belong, in a sense, to the government. We are getting along all right here, but we pine for our old homes. Put us there!

"Do not put us on land belonging to other Indians, but on land that will be our own. The government goes according to law. If a man owns a piece of property or an allotment is given to him, it cannot be taken away from him. Even if he should kill somebody they cannot take away his land. The government has been good to us, but we want land like that, land that nobody can take away.

"We have been moved around for twenty-six or twenty-seven years; have been taught to do all kinds of work; have done as we have been told to do; and now we want to be sent back to our old homes and be given land that cannot be taken away. If the government will put us back at Ojo Caliente, we will stay there and be happy."

Goody closed the argument for Ojo Caliente. When he concluded Jason Betzinez spoke for those who desire to

remain at Fort Sill and receive allotments of land there. He said:

"We are poor, and want something for ourselves. That is why we want to stay here. I talked with President Taft, when he was Secretary of War, and asked to be left here. He made a note on paper of what I said, and may have it yet."

Then James Kawaykla took up the argument for those who want land at Fort Sill. He urged:

"The Indians assembled here have no home, no place they can call their own. To-day it appears as if it was right in front of us, waiting. I know this country around Fort Sill. I know the land because I have seen it. We have thought of this land here, and want it. We do not ask for something we have not seen, something that is over the hill and out of sight. We do not want that. What we ask for is land that we have seen and is right here in front of us. If a man lives he must have something to live on. If I am here I know I have something to live on, something that will take care of me. Make a strong plea for this land for us!"

One more brief talk closed the council. Lawrence Mithlo made that and spoke for Fort Sill. He said:

"We have worked very hard on this reservation. Why should we go away and leave it without making something from that labor? Please give it to us and make it so that it is ours, nobody else's. We think that you think it is time for us to be free. That is why we want this land upon which to make our living. The white people around the country here have farms, and they came here since we did. But already they have many things and we have nothing. The white man has his farm; has a home on it; a barn and chicken-house close by, and fields not far from the house. That is the way you want us to be!"

Such was the plea of the "prisoners of war" after twenty-three years in that status. To-day, after two years more, they are still "prisoners of war."

O. K. DAVIS.

ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY IN THE GOVERNMENT

BY CHARLES B. BREWER

A RECENT writer, while deploring the inability to control Congressional extravagance, likened the President's Economy Commission to an attempt at "saving at the spigot" by "discharging some poor clerk here and there," while "up on the hill," as Congress is referred to in Washington, they were "wasting at the bung" with no veto plug apparent for stopping the bung.

Be that as it may, it is always necessary to start somewhere, and it is well, perhaps, to remember the old precept to care for the dimes and the dollars will care for themselves.

The Government is such a huge affair, a consumer of such enormous proportion, that large economy is often possible in details which in other quarters would appear parsimonious. Too much, however, should not be expected. The impression prevalent in many quarters as to the extent of possible economies in the executive departments has been "singularly exaggerated, and this misconception is harmful," to use the words of the Secretary of the Treasury. Laborious saving in the executive departments is discouraged by the public expecting any such saving as \$300,000,000 a year, as has been broadly proclaimed possible, "for economy which is accomplished can only be produced by laborious, painstaking, and persistent methods and devotion," he continued.

Much has been accomplished. The question is a live one in all the departments. Many examples have been cited by other writers showing how pure scientific shop management practised on a small scale has met with most beneficial re-

sults in the navy-yards, and also how a large amount of work of a similar character has been done in naval vessels afloat, under scientific principles, though not there known under this name. The results of these efforts have been demonstrated in the wonderful work at target-practice, which has made our gunnery and fleet efficiency the foremost in the world. In a recent paper in the *United States Naval Institute*, Lieutenant-Commander Kalbfus states that attention was first seriously centered on *competitive* steaming on the voyage of the fleet around the world. The latter half of this cruise compared with the first part (around South America) resulted in the saving of some 2,400 tons of coal and over 8,000 gallons of lubricating oil, between San Francisco and Manila, and an additional saving in oil after leaving Manila of over 6,200 gallons. These economies, while considerable in themselves, are mainly important because of the information they furnished for future steamings.

Many economies under the various departments, though more recently started, have also borne fruit. Space prohibits the mention of many records of office economies now at hand, and reference will therefore be confined to those of a more or less physical character.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

It is too often the case that when economy is sought the economist looks directly past the material end with its greater possibilities and sharpens his ax for the personnel. (And this is by no means peculiar to the Government). It is easy for this axman to store away the vacant desk and soon forget the incident unless by chance the discharged one stumbles into a charitable organization which maintains a press connection. There is, of course, some weeding out of useless positions that is often necessary. The Secretary of the Treasury has set a most commendable example of how the weeding-out process can be carried on humanely if a little trouble is taken. He has abolished in his department in Washington 542 useless statutory positions since March, 1909. But he arranged it so that those occupying the positions were placed in other positions made vacant by death and resignation. And *not one of the 542 were separated from the service*. In and out of Washington together this department has abolished some 1,800 statutory posi-

tions since March, 1909. The administration of the various offices is reported as more efficient than formerly.

The volume of work of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was greater in 1910 than in *any* previous year, and showed an increase of about 13 per cent. over 1909. By the introduction of new machinery and improved methods of executing the work, such as the elimination of tints from internal revenue stamps, reducing the size of those stamps, and so forth, a reduction in the cost of its work approximating \$200,000 a year has been effected. The work for 1911 showed a further increase of four per cent. Yet a further saving of over \$64,000 was effected by improved methods. The average number of sheets handled by each employee has grown from 58,956 in 1908 to 68,905 in 1911 and an economy of \$1,500,000 effected.

An important economy has been the stopping of the double printing of Government notes, first in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and again in the Treasury Building. In addition to other inconveniences, unnecessary countings of these notes has been cut out.

After many experiments, machines have been perfected and will soon be installed in a complete laundry for washing old paper money returned for redemption which formerly has been destroyed; investigation having developed the fact that at least thirty per cent. of these notes were not at all worn, but simply soiled. The estimated saving in such a simple detail as the printing of new notes to take the place of the 'old ones, as now practised, is two to three hundred thousand dollars yearly.

In plate-printing as used in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where dampening the paper is required, it has been the custom from time immemorial to dampen the sheets by placing them between wet cloths. This crude and expensive method, which required the subsequent shifting of the paper and its removal from between the cloths, has been revolutionized by a machine which successfully and expeditiously dampens the sheets of paper with the required uniformity. These machines will affect an annual saving of approximately \$42,000.

In the same Bureau in the process of plate-printing, millinet cloths are used for wiping the surplus ink from the engraved plates. Washing these cloths is expensive, and the work is so exceedingly dirty that there are large de-

posits of sludge and waste ink in the city sewers. A process has been patented by which the oil and pigment is recovered for sale and re-use. A private company which has contracted for this work is enabled to do it with an actual saving for the work itself, which is considerable, and at the same time there will be a lessening of stream pollution and an abolition of sewer obstruction which had been complained of by the city government.

Of the 97,521,708 sheets of United States postage stamps printed in this Bureau and delivered to the various postmasters of the country in 1911 (an increase of about nine per cent. over the previous year), there has been a large increased demand for stamps prepared in coils for stamp-vending and stamp-affixing machines. This has necessitated a change from the crude hand methods at first employed, with the result that newly devised machines have been perfected which do the work at a greatly reduced cost and in a most expeditious and satisfactory manner. An illustration of the absolute accuracy with which the work of this Bureau is performed was recently afforded when a count became necessary due to an investigation of alleged irregularities in the Post-office Department. The count of the Post-office inspectors, who were specially detailed for the purpose, showed 1,311,319,607 stamps in the vault. This coincided with the book balances of the Bureau to the last stamp.

By a recent decision the Secretary of the Treasury now has authority for printing silver certificates for the Philippines on power presses instead of on the antiquated hand presses now required by law for printing United States money. This decision does not extend to the money used in the United States. As the law now stands this latter must be printed by hand presses. There is a provision, however, in Section 85 of a bill to amend the laws relating to public printing, etc., introduced in the Senate by Senator Smoot, chairman of the Joint Committee on Printing, and reported to the Senate by him as chairman of that committee on January 16, 1912, which requires that "Hereafter all bonds, notes, and checks shall be printed from intaglio plates on presses of such style and character as may be determined by the Secretary of the Treasury." The bill further provides that not more than twenty per cent. of the work shall be changed from hand presses to power presses in any one year. Power presses have been

used for several years for printing postage stamps and revenue stamps with satisfactory and economical results, and their use for printing United States money is strongly urged by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of Printing and Engraving. Considerable opposition has developed to the proposed measure among the labor unions, and petitions directed against it, mainly from labor organizations, have reached Congress. Director Ralph states that there are only about 20 inefficient among 900 printers. It is his desire that no efficient man shall be thrown out of employment by the use of power presses, and the reason for the twenty-per-cent. provision in the bill is that it will enable him to care for all those employees so displaced by assigning them to other work as may be necessary. Mr. Ralph is an ardent advocate of economy and efficiency, and has practised it with most beneficial results for many years, as is evidenced on every hand throughout the plant. He has, however, a great heart, and never loses sight of the welfare of his employees. In case the bill becomes a law there is some doubt until further experiments are carried out as to whether the faces of the notes as well as the backs will be printed on power presses. If the backs of the money only are printed on power presses and one-fifth of the work is done, there is an estimated economy of \$70,000 a year. If both the backs and faces are so printed and one-fifth of the work done, the economy is estimated at \$140,000. The same proportion applies to other years, and there would thus at the end of five years be an annual saving of either \$350,000 or \$700,000 by the use of power presses. It is noteworthy that the estimates for these large economies, possible because of a demand for a larger output, include an increase of from thirty to forty per cent. in the wages of the plate-printers.

The objection of the labor unions so far raised is the increased danger of counterfeiting power-press work. Samples with secret marks have been exhibited and no one so far, even the experts, have been able to distinguish them from other exhibits, and surprise has naturally been expressed that any one could profess greater solicitude for the safety of the currency than the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director. Much of the paper money in circulation is a disgrace. This bill provides a remedy, and accomplishes an economy at the same time and hurts no one.

THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Many important physical improvements have been made recently in the postal organization and methods tending to economy and efficiency.

For the first time since 1883 the annual financial statement of the Post-office Department has shown a surplus instead of a deficit. At the beginning of the present administration in 1909 the postal service was in arrears to the extent of over \$17,000,000, which was decidedly the largest deficit on record. In the brief space of two years this deficit has been changed into a surplus of over \$200,000.

The wiping-out of the deficit has not been accompanied with a curtailment of postal facilities. Important extensions, on the contrary, have been made in every branch of the service. Since March, 1909, there have been established 3,744 new post-offices, delivery by carrier has been provided in 186 additional cities, and 2,516 new rural routes, aggregating 60,679 miles, have been authorized. The force of postal employees has been increased by more than 8,000, and the total amount expended last year for salaries was approximately \$14,000,000 greater than two years ago. "Thus a marked extension of the postal service and higher compensation for its employees have gone hand in hand with a vanishing deficit," to use the words of the Postmaster-General.

Transportation of the mail by wagon and automobile in the cities has been placed on a *mileage basis*, thus regulating it in accordance with the *amount of service* performed and making possible important economies. Special envelopes formerly used for inclosing registered articles while in transit have been abolished. The cost of the envelopes is thus saved, and, more important, is the time saved in sealing, addressing, and removing them. Registered mail matter for distant States is now distributed in sacks and jackets under State labels and sorted by railway postal clerks. This simplifies the work of the Post-office and expedites despatch.

The manufacture of special registry transportation equipment has been discontinued. Much lighter and less expensive ordinary equipment for this class of mail is now used, and the cost of manufacturing is saved and the transportation cost reduced. A policy requiring the placing of suitable receptacles for mail at the entrances of residences and offices as one of the conditions for the extension of city-

delivery service by carrier saves the postman waits at doorways, which consumed a large portion of his time, and thus greatly expedites the delivery of mail.

A branch of the department's shop for repairing mail-bags has been established in Chicago, and a very large expense of shipping damaged bags across the country to the Washington repair shop avoided. Work-rooms of large post-offices in course of construction are now planned by a committee of postal experts. These experts also standardize the equipment, selecting the best types for general use.

In several large cities the principal post-office building is now located at the main railway station. More expeditious handling of both incoming and outgoing mail is thus secured.

An event of the year was the successful organization of the postal-savings system. Depositories were opened experimentally at a single post-office in each one of the forty-eight States and Territories. The system was rapidly extended and now comprises practically all of the 7,500 presidential post-offices. Preparations are being made to establish the system also in about 40,000 fourth-class offices that do a money-order business. The first month the total savings amounted to only \$60,252. They increased in a half-year to \$679,310, and now, after eleven months, have reached a total of \$11,000,000.

Another measure adopted by the department during the year is shipping "monthly" and "semi-monthly" periodicals by fast freight. The plan will result in a large saving to the Government by utilizing a less expensive method of shipment, and will insure a quicker handling of first-class mail. It is estimated that the saving from the new plan when in full operation will amount to several million dollars a year.

By the consolidation of the rural delivery and star-route services mail delivery has been extended to many thousands of additional patrons with little increase of expenditure, and the whole rural mail service is being rapidly extended.

During the year the department completed the investigation begun early in the administration with the object of determining what it costs the railways to carry the mails. From the statistics obtained it appears that while many of the railways, and particularly the larger systems, made heavy profits from mail transportation, certain of the lines

were actually carrying the mails at a loss. As a result of the inquiry the department recommended a plan by which the compensation should be determined on the basis of the amount of *space* required in cars for the handling of the mails instead of the present *weight* basis. If Congress authorizes a readjustment of railway mail pay in the manner suggested, it is estimated that the resulting saving to the Government will amount annually to about \$9,000,000.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT

The various arsenals, at Watertown, Rock Island, Springfield, and Frankfort, report many reductions in the cost of manufacturing guns, ammunition, cartridges for small-arms, harness, saddlery, and so forth, too numerous to be detailed here.

A determined campaign conducted in recent years against desertion has resulted in reducing the number in 1911 to 2.28 per cent. of the whole number of enlisted men, which is lower than any rate during the last ninety years with the single exception of the year 1898, when the war with Spain caused a great influx of many thousands of new men.

The monument to the efficiency of United States army officers so rapidly nearing completion on the Isthmus requires no special mention, but those uninformed as to the rate of progress will note with pride that eighty-one per cent. of the excavation is now completed, and that this great task, which buried thousands of Frenchmen and finally had to be abandoned by them, is being carried on by the Americans in less than schedule time. Which means that, as announced by Colonel Goethals, in his address to Congress, and as repeated by the report of the Secretary of War, "unless unforeseen catastrophe occurs, it seems certain now that the canal will be fully ready for ocean traffic more than a year before the time set for its formal opening."

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

Reference has already been made to the efficiency of the fleet. The key-note of this work has been the placing of vessels on a *competitive* basis. Money prizes are given the men of the engineer's force and suitable trophies are carried by the vessel winning through superior speed and economy in coal and oil consumption, and so forth. Rules are laid out in a general order and their terms are strictly followed

by competing vessels. The Secretary of the Navy has been personally interested and has given the matter much special attention.

In docking vessels at navy-yards there has been a proportional saving of about \$46,000, or a reduction of about twenty per cent. as compared with the work in 1910. Accurate cost analyses at a central office, placing the yards on a competitive basis and furnishing full information, are responsible for this and many other economies at the various navy-yards. The Secretary recognizes and makes special mention of the value of securing the cheerful cooperation of the workmen through proper recognition of their initiative and more efficient effort.

Though the steam turbine as now installed in high-speed vessels has greatly extended the range of speed at which these vessels may be safely and continuously driven, it is found that the reciprocating engine is about thirty per cent. more economical at cruising speed than the turbine and has about the same economy at high speeds. In view of this and yet in the face of almost universal adoption of the turbine for battle-ship propulsion by the nations of the world, the turbine has been abandoned in favor of the reciprocating engine in recent battle-ships beginning with the *New York* and *Texas*. The decision was arrived at after extensive investigation including comparative trials of the scout cruisers *Birmingham*, *Chester*, and *Salem*, and the battle-ships *Delaware* and *North Dakota*, where practical similarity in everything but means of propulsion placed at the disposal of this country more exact data on the subject than was available to any other government.

Investigation has advanced the efficiency of wireless telegraphy by numerous experiments. Interesting experiments are now being made to ascertain the value of kites as supports for aerals of ships for temporary long-distance communications. Special attention is being paid to a portable apparatus in anticipation of the time when all sea-going vessels, however small, will carry wireless apparatus.

One million pounds of powder was manufactured in 1911 at 33.6 cents per pound against eight hundred thousand pounds in 1909, which cost 43.2 cents per pound. This reduction in cost has been effected in spite of the increased cost of cotton, largely used in its manufacture, then prevalent. Yet the Chief of Ordnance states that navy smokeless

powder has reached such a degree of excellence that it is not possible to report any marked advance in quality during the past year.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

Pages would be required to even touch on the improved methods of this progressive department in plant and animal life.

Of especial importance to America's "largest cash crop" is the preparation and distribution of nine official grades of white American cotton which have been officially adopted by nine cotton exchanges and made the basis of all purchases of the New England Cotton Buyers' Association and the Arkwright Club, and of all quotations by the Southern Cotton Buyers' Association. Fifty sets of these grades are being placed in vacuum storage for use as working duplicates in future years, in order that the exact standard originally adopted may be preserved indefinitely.

Another work of unusual interest to those interested in matters of economy is the making, during the year, a total of about three tons, of good quality book-paper from corn-stalks, rice straw, hemp stalks, fish-pole bamboo, and so forth, and at the same time securing food-extract by-products for feeding cattle.

A line of investigation reported on by this department shows the variation in the cost per bushel of producing grain in the various States, which will be more than surprising to those who have not followed the subject of variation in costs along other lines. This cost per bushel, including rental charges, varies from 30 cents in Iowa to 72 cents in Maine for corn; from 44 cents in Montana to 96 cents in South Carolina for wheat; and from 23 cents in Montana to 56 cents in Connecticut for oats. Were it possible to enforce orders of a competent authority, it can readily be seen from these figures what a field would await the application of *competitive* methods similar to those applied to battle-ship steaming referred to elsewhere.

It will no doubt be discouraging to some who have followed the work of the Agricultural Department in promoting improved, inexpensive roadways to read that out of a total road mileage of the country (exclusive of Alaska and insular possessions) of some 2,200,000 miles, only 188,000, which means 8.49 per cent., are improved. Some

comfort, however, can be drawn from the fact that there has been a considerable increase since 1904, in which year there were only 153,000 miles, or 7.13 per cent., of improved roadways.

GENERAL

In February last Mr. Winthrop, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, prompted by a special circumstance, issued a circular inviting suggestions to promote efficiency and economy. Some of the suggestions which followed are examples of the broad field open to the President's Commission. Take the apparently insignificant question of wrapping-paper. On several occasions previous to the Secretary's circular it had been noticed that very heavy, stiff wrapping-paper was used. Soon after this the fact was also noted that the different departments of the Government used about 600,000 pounds of wrapping-paper annually. The matter seemed to merit consideration. An investigation showed that the thickness of paper used in the various departments varied from 45 pounds to 170 pounds per ream when reduced to a common square-yard basis. (There was no standard.) The mean weight of all the paper used was found to be 89 pounds per ream. From further investigation it was learned that about nine-tenths of the paper in commercial use in Washington was 45 pounds per square-yard ream. The difference between 89 pounds and 45 pounds would mean about \$15,000 annually in Uncle Sam's wrapping-paper bill.

More important is the subject of writing-paper. Of about 480,000 pounds used annually, about one-fourth of it weighs 25 pounds per ream (sheets 16 inches by 21 inches), one-half 20 pounds, and the remainder 15 pounds and less. Now paper of 8 pounds per ream, if of good stock, while thin, can be used in a great many cases, and 12-pound paper should answer almost any purpose. This is more important than it looks on the surface, for while Government letters are sent under penalty stamp, first-class mail, according to the records of the Post-office Department, cost the Government 49.9 cents per pound to transport and deliver. While 8 or 12 pound paper, 100 per cent. rag, costs 20 cents per pound, and the paper ordinarily purchased costs only about 12 cents per pound, yet on account of the greater number of sheets per pound there would be a saving of about \$10,000 annually on the purchase price of the paper, and about \$100,-

000 annually on the mailing cost. A further advantage of thin paper is its great saving of much-needed file-room space.

When the above propositions were in preparation it was noticed, through the advertisements, that there was a marked preference of purchasers for India-paper editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Of some twelve thousand sets then ordered, 89 per cent. of the purchasers wanted the books printed on thin paper, even at somewhat greater cost. As the preference of readers seemed to be so well established, the question was examined with a view to applying to Government publications the same economies proposed for writing-paper. Exact information as to the weight of Government publications which passed through the mails was not obtainable, but there is a total weight annually, of frank and penalty mail, of about 49,000,000 pounds. The cost of mailing and distributing this class of mail is stated by the Post-office to be 12 cents per pound.

With the information at hand that only about a half-million pounds of letter-paper is purchased, and allowing for envelopes and miscellaneous packages, it is not unreasonable to assume that the printed publications amount to half the weight of franked and penalty mail, or about 25,000,000 pounds.

There are some fifty different weights of paper used by the Government Printing Office. The weight runs as high as 88 pounds per ream (sheets 24 in. x 38 in.). That most used weighs 48 pounds per ream, about the same as ordinarily used by many publishing houses. India paper weighs 18 pounds per ream. It was ascertained, however, that the experience of the University Press in printing the *Encyclopædia* on India paper proved very expensive and showed a large amount of waste, and also required special press attachments on account of the unglazed surface of the paper and consequent proneness of the sheets to stick together. This, together with the high cost of paper and the limited amount available, seemed to prohibit the use of thin paper. Upon further inquiry, however, an issue of some technical books printed on a domestic bible paper was found which satisfies all requirements and costs no more to print than the ordinary paper. This paper is not as thin as the India paper, but its weight is 29 pounds per ream as compared with 48 pounds ordinarily used.

On the above assumption, at 4 cents per pound the annual

cost of the requisite amount of 48-pound paper would be about \$1,000,000, and the mailing cost about \$3,000,000. The cost of the same quality of 29-pound paper would be about \$900,000, and the mailing cost about \$1,800,000. On this basis the possible annual saving to the Government would be \$1,300,000, with the attendant advantages of ease in handling, saving in stowage space, and, most important, providing *permanent* records, for the thinner paper is made from rag instead of from wood-pulp and clay filler, which in a few years disintegrates. A cabinet officer called attention to this point a few years ago. Others have predicted that in seventy-five years we will have no public records.

In speaking of the results of his invitation for suggestions, Mr. Winthrop said his motive primarily had been to make each employee feel that he had a personal interest in the department and that the number of suggestions of value which had been received had much surpassed his expectations. The suggestions received were gracefully acknowledged by a special letter in each case from the Secretary. Many industrial firms have found this "suggestion box" idea, where the suggestions are properly threshed out and followed up and where care is taken to give credit where credit is due, to be of great value. Where they result in a profit to the company, they are paid for. This, while not always necessary, is as it should be. For though there are some employees that offer suggestions so freely that they are unfortunately often regarded as officious, there are others with good ideas who are either timid or indifferent, on whom it is necessary to use great persuasion to extract their ideas.

A law authorizing a governmental suggestion box providing for remuneration for profitable suggestions, but basing the amount on a small percentage of the net amount saved the first year or two, might prove a profitable form of persuasion.

In conclusion it may be said that the fact that, when dealing with such a subject as here presented, the treatment begins with the departments, and before it is realized it has, without wandering from the subject, reached the remote parts of the country, only emphasizes the great opportunities which are ever awaiting the studied effort to promote economy and efficiency.

CHARLES B. BREWER.

CHARLES DICKENS

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

AN old friend of mine described to me the other day how, as a boy, he was taken by his father to hear Dickens read aloud. There was no particular expectation among the party that Dickens would prove to be a striking reader in any way; they went because they enjoyed his books and wished to see the writer. A well-built upright man, clean-shaven in those days, wearing his curly hair rather long, and giving the impression of being somewhat over-dressed and over-ornamented, walked to the desk with a book, and said by way of preface that he hoped his hearers would not try to restrain their feelings: "It does not interrupt a lecturer if people laugh and still less if they cry—it rather encourages him." It seemed, my friend said, rather "cheek" to talk like that, as no one expected to have any very pressing emotions to restrain.

Five minutes later the whole room was under the spell. Breathless attention, unashamed tears, shrill, irrepressible laughter from one end of the hall to the other! The hour passed like a few minutes. It was indeed true of Dickens, as he himself once said, that he was a teller of stories almost from babyhood, and an actor always.

I do not think that it is ever quite sufficiently emphasized how dramatic all his writing was. The one chosen recreation of Dickens's life was anything to do with acting—going to a theater, organizing private theatricals, taking a part. The same quality comes out in everything he ever wrote. His books, if one studies them carefully, are all dramas—dramas with long descriptive stage-directions, the scenes described instead of being painted. The scenes themselves are all dramatic, too, with their stage-pathos, melodrama, broad farce. The characters are all typical figures, qualities personified. They have no real existence off the stage;

they make their exits and entrances, they know what every one else in the scene is thinking about, they play into each other's hands, they soliloquize, not like human beings thinking, but like actors explaining what could not be otherwise understood.

The amazing thing is that Dickens should ever be supposed to be in any way a realist. The whole thing is, of course, intensely life-like, for he had a unique power of individualization, but it is not in the least like life. There is nothing whatever inconsequent or inconsistent or unexpected about any of his characters. It is impossible to conceive of Mr. Pecksniff doing anything disinterested or unselfish, to think of Mark Tapley saying anything mean or spiteful, of Mr. Pickwick being ever ill-natured or unkind. They are all perfectly defined stage-types. It is just the same with the still life in Dickens; everything is at the very top of its quality; no chops were ever so juicy, no beer ever foamed so finely, no blood ever soaked away in such gory pools, no river-edge was ever so deep in uncompromising mud as in his pages. The fact is that Dickens was from first to last a tremendous romancer, and that his romance all arranged itself for him upon dramatic lines. To say this is not in the least to vitiate the quality of his art; it is only to define it. Art is good art and great art exactly in proportion as it is finely conceived, vividly seen, movingly expressed. The conceptions of Dickens are always perfectly definite, his plots, if anything, almost too intricate and exact. Is there a man on earth who could without special preparation write out the plot of *Little Dorrit*? His power of visualization was simply stupendous. He knew exactly what he meant to describe, the effect he desired to produce, and he put his details, economically and surely, in the precise place and connection which he designed.

And then he was a supreme master of language; his vocabulary was enormous and wholly at his command. There never was such a craftsman. One may not always like his effects, but there is no sort of question that those were the effects he had planned; and those he produced. And then, too, he had the supreme quality of largeness. His immense canvases, all crowded with figures and all the figures absolutely distinct and unmistakable, show that. There is not a single dim or vague figure in Dickens; the dramatic

quality comes out in his knowing and never forgetting the appropriate gesture and attitude and facial expression. And as to the emotions he aroused, they were not the emotions of real life, but the emotions of art. You feel as you are told to feel and made to feel. In actual life, the commonest emotions, in the presence of the words and actions of real people, are bewilderment, surprise, disappointment. One can seldom depend upon people behaving as one expects them to behave; but in Dickens every one behaves exactly as they might be expected to behave, more eagerly and grimly and fantastically indeed than one could imagine their behaving, but still true to their labels. That is for most readers why Dickens is so infinitely satisfying; because the human power of idealization is so strong, and because it is so often disappointed in real life, that men and women fly to the shelter of books, where all is as it ought to be—faults punished, virtue rewarded, weakness triumphant, with a kind of splendid and delightful Calvinism.

Take a simple case—the brothers Cheeryble in *Nicholas Nickleby*. These successful and sagacious merchants are supposed to typify human kindness—the absolute indiscriminating kindness of the father in the parable of the Prodigal Son—the heart glows at their weltering generousities, the cataract of foaming charity, poured out by two guileless figures, who stick at no sort of liberal untruth or unmerited reward, if only they can galvanize the incapable and inefficient into feeling reliable and complacent—two men who under no human circumstances could ever have acquired for themselves the meanest competence. But the interest of the situation is not how the Cheerybles ever made the fortune which they so lusciously lavish, or how imminent their bankruptcy must be—that is only the sort of thing which men discuss with shrugs and smiles in a real smoking-room—but in the presentment of two perfectly innocent, generous, warm-hearted creatures, who would believe the best of every rogue in London, and obey every diffusive and distributive impulse known to man. That is the charm of Dickens, that in real life we are forced into caution and calculation; the good man cannot be as generous as he would wish, the villain does not dare to be as unscrupulous as he would like; but in Dickens every one acts on pure and simple impulse, as we should all enjoy doing; and, moreover, reward and punishment are always exactly proportioned to

desert; it is a world set right, in which the good are helped on their way by unseen angels, and the bad conducted into outer darkness by grinning and grimacing demons.

But we must keep in mind that the one quality upon which the entire work of Dickens depends, by which he made his way into people's minds and so into their hearts, is, after all, his humor, his loud, rich, prodigal humor, or, rather, his laughableness. It is not wit at all; that is a bright, polished, sparkling thing, which hurts as much as it pleases; it is not even really humor; that is a deeper, profounder, sadder thing based on imperfection; it is pure and simple laughableness. When one tries to define what Dickens's humor was, one is plunged into difficulties at once, because there are no interchangeable words for it. It is as indefinable as red or green. It is laughable as the parrot is laughable, as a very large hat on a small head, or a very small hat on a large head, is laughable. It is a sort of wilful, irresponsible extravagance, which just corresponds psychologically to laughter. There is a curious story told by Dickens himself in one of his letters, I think, of how he visited an institution in which imbecile children were tended, and saw there a little girl who was blind and deaf and dumb. They were trying to open some sort of communication with her, and to do so they put a marble and then another and another into her hand. She was pleased at this, and seemed aware that some kind of signals were being made to her; and as Dickens stood and watched her playing with the marbles he saw the child laugh. Good heavens, he thought to himself, the child is laughing! And at what?

That is the difficulty of defining the humor of Dickens. Why should that particular kind of extravagance rouse in the mind the delighted sense of incongruity and absurdity? It is like the difficulty of defining the emotions of poetry. One knows what poetry is and one knows, too, how it is possible to reduce the finest poetry in the world to lifeless dreariness, by substituting in a fine passage words of equivalent meaning for the actual words employed; it seems then like a chemical essence, which depends not only on the emotion in the writer's mind, but actually on the tangible sounds and syllables in which it takes shape. One can try the same process with Dickens's humor and one can reduce his humor, by substituting equivalent words, to something which is

both wild and dull and wholly unentertaining. I have constantly thought to myself in reading Dickens—how did he know, what instinct told him, that precisely that shade of extravagance was the right, the laughable shade? When David Copperfield, not knowing that Uriah Heep's father is dead, asks him what his father is, Uriah Heep replies, "He is a partaker of glory at present." If Dickens had written, "He is a sharer of celestial bliss," it would not have been in the least degree amusing; it would have seemed a revolting and exaggerated extravagance. Or take Mrs. Gamp on the quay:

"And which of all them smoking monsters is the Ankworks boat, I wonder. Goodness me!" cried Mrs. Gamp.

"What boat did you want?" asked Ruth.

"The Ankworks package," Mrs. Gamp replied. "I will not deceive you, my sweet. Why should I?"

"That is the Antwerp packet in the middle," said Ruth.

"And I wish it was in Jonadge's belly, I do," cried Mrs. Gamp, appearing to confound the prophet with the whale in his miraculous aspiration.

Or the Bayham Badger dinner party in *Bleak House*, a scene which I think for absolutely irresponsible humor Dickens never equalled:

"Mr. Bayham Badger himself was a pink, fresh-faced, crisp-looking gentleman, with a weak voice, white teeth, light hair, and surprised eyes; some years younger, I should say, than Mrs. Bayham Badger. He admired her exceedingly, but principally and to begin with on the curious ground (as it seemed to us) of her having had three husbands. We had barely taken our seats when he said to Mr. Jarndyce, quite triumphantly:

"You would hardly suppose that I am Mrs. Bayham Badger's third!"

"Indeed?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Her third!" said Mr. Badger. "Mrs. Bayham Badger has not the appearance, Miss Summerson, of a lady who has had two former husbands."

"I said, 'Not at all!'"

"And most remarkable men!" said Mr. Badger, in a tone of confidence. "Captain Swosser of the Royal Navy, who was Mrs. Bayham Badger's first husband, was a very distinguished officer indeed. The name of Professor Dingo, my immediate predecessor, is one of European reputation."

"Mrs. Badger overheard him and smiled. . . . 'Perhaps you may be interested, Mr. Jarndyce,' continued Mr. Bayham Badger, leading the way into the next drawing-room, 'in this portrait of Captain Swosser. It was taken on his return from the African station, where he had suffered from the fever of the country. Mrs. Badger considers it too yellow. But it's a very fine head. A very fine head!'"

"We all echoed, 'A very fine head!'

"'I feel when I look at it,' said Mr. Bayham Badger, 'that's a man I should like to have seen. It strikingly bespeaks the first-class man that Captain Swosser pre-eminently was. . . .'

"'People objected to Professor Dingo when we were staying in the north of Devon after our marriage,' said Mrs. Badger, 'that he disfigured some of the houses and other buildings by chipping off fragments of those edifices with his little geological hammer. But the professor replied that he knew of no building save the Temple of Science.'

"'Finely expressed!' said Mr. Badger. 'The professor made the same remark, Miss Summerson, in his last illness, when (his mind wandering) he insisted on keeping his little hammer under his pillow and chipping at the countenances of the attendants. The ruling passion!'"

The result of this passage upon the mind, the exquisite solemnity and absurdity of Mrs. Bayham Badger's attitude, is such that I can never realize without a shock of surprise the fact that Mr. Bayham Badger is supposed to be a distinguished and successful surgeon, or read with any sense of congruity the passage where he talks kindly and wisely about the medical prospects of Richard Carstone. That is what I mean by saying it is all a dramatic affair. Mr. Bayham Badger's *raison d'être* is to be an incomparable zany, to divide his time between rapturous adoration of Mrs. Badger's charms and ecstatic broodings over the glories of his predecessors. It is useless to think of him as leading a serious, energetic, anxious professional life. He comes on the stage to play the fool, and the more of it there is the better.

But we must realize, as I have said, that all Dickens's other qualities as a writer, even his incomparable observation, come riding in the chariot of his humor. Without it he would have been, I believe, an almost commonplace author, with a taste for melodrama and luscious pathos, and a not altogether sure instinct for style. We tolerate the rest of his writings, we even try to admire them, because he is such a master of humorous effect. But the ingenuity of his plots could not have saved his books from being something very conventional indeed, if it had not been for this one supreme quality. There is not the slightest interplay of character, there is not a touch of that mysterious effect which human beings exert over each other; there is not the least development about his characters except the romantic substitution, under the influence of misfortune, of one set of qualities for another—a thing which never

takes place in real life. The essence of realism is the inflexibility of human temperament; but in Dickens the effect of trouble or sorrow, as in the case of Mercy Pecksniff, is simply to replace an arch giggler by a lachrymose young widow.

But one gives little heed to all this, so long as we are certain, as we are, that we shall be delighted at every turn by an almost infinite variety of the most mirthful and vigorous absurdities. And this is the more marked if we read Dickens's letters, which are interesting and lively enough, the work of a vivid and observant mind, but with little that is amusing about them. It seems that he needed a scenic background of imagination for his mind to work freely, and that here as elsewhere he was a dramatist; and it is important that in dealing with his work we should not be misled into an uncritical misapprehension of his force; his pathos is terribly cheap and unreal, his tragedy is lurid melodrama; but as the creator of irresponsible, grotesque, rollicking absurdity, he is simply a magician, and perhaps the greatest master of laughter that ever lived.

Dickens's own life was, of course, a sort of fairy tale; his experiences are not wide, and he had done with experience very early in his career. He was brought up in a sloppy, well-meaning household, which was generally in difficulties; and perhaps the strongest part of his books is when he deals with similar situations, and depicts the patient, helpless good-humor of people who drift from one financial crisis to another, and get an immense amount of fun by the way. The only really harsh experience of his life was the time when he worked as a boy in a blacking warehouse. That did, it seems, rather eat into his soul, the stupid, cruel degradation that it meant to a sensitive boy. In later life he could not bear to pass the place where he had agonized. But no doubt the episode provided him with a fine romantic background against which his later fame and wealth outlined itself. And it taught him, too, how much refinement and consideration can exist among very rough and simple people, virtues which, strange to say, are not the monopoly of the well-born and the well-dressed. But it was that, no doubt, which gave him his taste for contracting unequal alliances in his books. He had emerged from mean and disheartening squalor to find himself the

equal of the most important people in the land; but here his imagination played him false, because he never understood the possible simplicity of important people. He never really believed that unaffected kindness and sincere humility could be found above the middle class. All Dickens's magnates and aristocrats are either effete or pompous. He knew that very humble people could be refined, but he never knew that great people could be simple.

When he once got his foot upon the ladder, his ascent was rapid and sure. He did not, like some great writers, have to struggle against sordid and dreary conditions into middle life. The world opened, glittering and interesting and exciting, before him. He had the command of wealth and he used it with confidence and delight.

But I believe that he always, after his first success with *Pickwick*, thought of himself as philanthropist and reformer rather than as romancer. It is very remarkable that just at the full height of the success of *Pickwick*, when he might have settled down for life as a farcical and sentimental humorist, he wrote *Oliver Twist*—a combination of frantic melodrama and frenzied philanthropy. His purpose in *Oliver Twist*, as he himself confessed, was to improve the working of the Poor Law, to get, if he could, a touch of humanity into rigid and mechanical institutions, and further to prove that the very scurf and scum of human life, the criminal classes, had aspiration, unselfishness, brotherly kindness in plenty if only they had a fair chance to develop them. He kept this aim in view in most of his subsequent books—prisons, schools, government offices, the administration of law—he made a generous and high-hearted tilt at their abuses and vested interests. It is very strange that his last unfinished book should be conceived on such different lines. There is very little that is characteristic of Dickens in *Edwin Drood*. The humor is not so irresponsible or so spontaneous, and the interest lies in a plot so intricate, so marvelously held up, that it is impossible to conjecture with any certainty what the working out of it was to be. But he was a prematurely old man when he wrote it, broken in health, saddened by life, worn out with money-making and public appearances; and it is the work of a mind whose old effusive spring is weakened, and finds relief rather than expression in the spinning of an ingenious and high-flown enigma.

The curious thing about Dickens is that for all his powers, his genuine goodness, his kindliness, his bonhomie, there is something vaguely unsatisfactory about him — at least that is always my impression in reading his life. There is a touch of pretentiousness, of theatricality, about him, in the first place, but that one could regard as a sort of redundant exuberance, if one felt sure of his real simplicity and disinterestedness. I believe that the secret was this: that he kept, as many artistic people do, the childlike qualities all through his life. He had all the zest, the delight, the interest in details, the passionate impulsiveness of the child; but he had, too, the curious hardness of the child, the intense dislike of being thwarted or interfered with, the blank indifference, almost cruelty, which suddenly surprises one in a child, but which one forgives because of its lack of experience. Dickens was a good comrade, a loyal friend, a tender father, but he treated his wife with real unkindness; he found that somehow or other he could not live easily and comfortably with her, and instead of accepting it as a situation which must be manfully and tenderly dealt with, he insisted on a separation. His sentiment was in fact a superficial thing, or, rather, it did not extend to the depths of his nature; he was easily and generously moved by anything pathetic and picturesque, but it all had to have an artistic quality; and at the bottom of all was the hard, wilful, perverse solitariness of the artist who has to pay a price for his gifts. His sympathy was artistic; it was not vital. One whose eye and brain were so intensely alive, forever taking in and registering impressions, missed that deeper and wiser sympathy, which sees that life is below performance, and self-forgetfulness deepest of all. Dickens did not ever give *himself* away. He gave away his gifts, but it was all in the direction of self-effectuation rather than self-sacrifice. To say this is not in any way to blame him; it is a mere question of analysis. That kind of ultimate egotism is not so much the price of artistry; it is probably the absolute condition of artistry. The eye which restlessly and instinctively, day by day, from morning to night, perceives the quality of things, the brain and hand that give them shape, must lose in grasp what they gain in comparison. We must content ourselves with knowing that it was just in virtue of that unconscious egotism that Dickens did his work; and that though an artist must be sensi-

tive and easily moved superficially, he must only feel the quality of things as they appear and not as they are; if he loses himself in the actual tragedy and misery, the authentic joy and passion of life, he will be unable to deal with it critically and expressively; he will find it all too deep for tears, and far too deep for any light and luxurious expression. Poets and sentimentalists are not the people who feel most deeply; they could not sing or write if they were. They must never be submerged, swept away, overwhelmed by life; they must watch it sympathetically and tremulously, but they must be above it all in an isolation which is the first and last element of their descriptive power.

I think it fair to say that there is not a touch of true poetry in Dickens. There is a vein of pathos, and one need not be ashamed of having been forced to shed tears over some of his pathetic passages, especially when one is young and inexperienced; but as one grows older, one drifts farther and farther away from that possibility, and is more and more disgusted at the affected guilelessness, the deliberate ingenuousness of his suffering children and his broken-down old men. One feels more and more that they are forced upon the stage, made to repeat a part, obliged to say not what they naturally feel, but what the onlookers think it would be touching that they should say and feel.

Dickens did, I think, come near to a sort of poetry in his rendering of great, misty, confused effects of nature, the horror of darkness and broken light, of the rolling eddies of the river and its vast and weltering mud-flats. All the sense of mystery in his nature centered on the Thames in London, its turbid lapse, the grim misshapen houses piled on the brink that look out from their blank windows on the moving flood. But the essence of poetry is the discerning of something beautiful and stable and peaceful through life and beyond it—something shy and delicate and remote and glorious, such as one feels in Shelley. But Dickens is concerned, and rightly concerned, with life. He thrusts you back into life, he captivates you with it, he rolls you in it. It is like splashing and revelling in a bath, with the pleasant recoil of the cool element against the hot-blooded frame. It is not like watching the waterfall drip from the crag, or gazing on the breakers of a wind-lashed sea. For Dickens there is nothing before or after life, no sense of

unrevealed mysteries or far-off fulfilment. Life was for him much too entrancing and uproarious and jolly for all that; and it is foolish, even pedantic, to demand from a writer something which perhaps he never intended to give, though I think that Dickens did, perhaps, intend to give it and could not.

One reads Dickens to enjoy and not to ponder, to forget and not to remember. One surrenders oneself gladly to his child-like optimism, one revels in the sharp savor, the keen appetite, the prodigal vitality of the human scene. One thanks God, like Mr. Bennett, that things do sometimes turn out fully as absurd as one had hoped. One does not want his characters to repent and develop and grow wise, any more than one wants the clown and the pantaloon to betake themselves to prayer and fasting. We have taken our seat, the curtain rises, and we can enjoy without any sense of irreparable disaster the misfortunes of solemn people, the failure of human justice, the ineffectual policeman flying from the red-hot poker, the splendid successes of mischief and cowardice and irresponsibility. It is the business of the comedian to amuse us, and we are there to be amused. No harm is done, and the actors are paid for their fooling. And here lies the contentment of Dickens, in the security of imagination. If imagination puts things wrong, it can also set things right; if the ultimate happiness of all concerned is assured, then we may rejoice in a world where the mess is swept up and every one gets exactly what he expects and deserves.

And so it is not only a relief, it is a solid and justifiable piece of happiness to put ourselves beneath the spell, to surrender ourselves to spasms of inevitable laughter, just as it is good for us at times to do unreasonable things, to eat and drink too much, to play games, to live, in fact,—as long as we remember that it is a part of life, but that life itself is not like that. For all this depends upon the singular fact that we cannot do more than one thing at a time under our finite conditions; and thus we owe a deep debt to all whom it is given to increase the gaiety of nations; and if a man can do that, and also, as Dickens did, leave in our hearts a sense of the worth and loveliness of humanity as well, then we are his debtors indeed.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ACTOR*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is one of the most curious coincidences of literary history that the two greatest dramatists of modern times, Shakespeare and Molière, should have begun their connection with the theater by going on the stage as actors, without having at first (so far as we can guess) any intention of becoming playwrights. After having acquired practical experience as performers both of them ventured modestly into dramatic authorship, starting in the most unpretending fashion by adapting the popular pieces of older contemporaries, and then essaying themselves in imitation of the more successful playwrights of the time. At first it was only tentatively that they developed their own individuality and revealed their own originality after continual practice had given them a more assured skill. But to the very end of their careers in the theater they continued to act; Shakespeare ceased to appear on the stage only when he left London and retired to Stratford to live the life of a country gentleman, and Molière was stricken fatally while taking part in the fourth performance of his last play.

Molière certainly, and quite possibly Shakespeare also, was better known to the playgoers of his own day as an actor than as an author. Molière was the foremost comedian of his day, and there is no dispute about his supremacy as an impersonator of humorous characters. Indeed, his enemies were wont to praise his acting and to disparage his writing. They affected to dismiss his plays as poor things in themselves, owing the most of their undeniable success to the brilliancy of the author's own performance of the chief parts. As actor, as author, and as manager Molière was the center of his company. Can as much be said

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of Shakespeare? Great as Molière is as a dramatist, we cannot but feel that Shakespeare is still greater. When we note that Molière was pre-eminent among the players of his age in France we naturally wonder whether Shakespeare was also foremost among the performers of his time in England. Molière is the master of modern comedy, and it was by the impersonation of his own comic characters that he won his widest popularity with the playgoers of Paris. Shakespeare is the mightiest of tragic authors. Was he also the chief of the tragedians who held spellbound the gallants and the groundlings thronging to the London theaters in the spacious days of Elizabeth?

That the leader of English playwrights was also the leader of English actors is what we would like to believe in our natural desire to give to him that bath. This desire has led Mr. Sydney Lee to remark that when the company of the Globe accepted the royal summons to appear before the Queen at Christmas, 1594, Shakespeare was then "supported by actors of the highest eminence in their generation." And yet Mr. Lee is frank in expressing his own opinion that the great dramatist "was never to win the laurels of a great actor." He honestly admits that Shakespeare's "histrionic fame had not progressed at the same rate as his literary repute"; and he informs us that when the officials of the court invited the company to perform before Elizabeth, "directions were given that the greatest of the tragic actors of the day, Richard Burbage, and the greatest of the comic actors, William Kemp, were to bear the young actor company." And he adds that "with neither of these was Shakespeare's histrionic position then, or at any time, comparable," since "for years they were leaders of the acting profession."

This forces us to the conclusion that in his pardonable longing to glorify Shakespeare, Mr. Lee has been led into giving us a wrong impression. The Queen did not summon Shakespeare to appear before her; she summoned her whole company, to which Shakespeare belonged; and almost certainly it was Burbage and Kemp whom she wanted to see on the stage rather than Shakespeare. Burbage and Kemp were the chief ornaments of the company, and although Shakespeare was also a member, his position in the ranks of the company does not afford any warrant for the assumption that Elizabeth gave any special thought to him as

an actor. What she was desirous of witnessing was a series of performances by a famous company of which Burbage and Kemp were the most famous members. And in this series of performances at Court it was Shakespeare who supported Burbage and Kemp. It must be noted also that we do not know the programme of those performances at Court in the last week of 1594, and we are left in doubt whether Shakespeare was the author of any one of the plays then presented. Perhaps it is as well to point out further that he had up to that time produced no one of the major masterpieces on which his fame as a dramatist now rests securely.

While Molière composed the chief character in almost every one of his plays for his own acting, Shakespeare wrote the chief serious parts in his pieces for Burbage and the chief comic parts for Kemp (until that highly dowered comedian left the stage). For himself he modestly reserved characters of less prominence; in fact, in many of his plays, perhaps even in a majority of them, it is difficult to discover any part which seems to be specially adjusted to his own capacity as an actor. It is well known that Burbage appeared as Hamlet while Shakespeare humbly contented himself with the subordinate part of the Ghost. Who the original Orlando may have been has not yet been ascertained, but tradition tells us that the author of "As You Like It" impersonated Adam, the faithful old servitor of the hero. And in Ben Jonson's comedy of "Every Man in his Humor," which is believed to have been accepted for performance by the company owing to Shakespeare's influence, the part of the elder Knowell is said to have been taken by Shakespeare himself; and this seems quite probable, since it was a character which might very well be assumed by the performer of Adam and of the Ghost. These are the only three parts which tradition, not always trustworthy, has ascribed to Shakespeare as an actor. They belong, all three of them, to the line of business which is technically known as "old men." And this is the solid support of Mr. Lee's assertion that Shakespeare "ordinarily confined his efforts to old men of secondary rank."

Shakespeare, so Mr. Lee believes, was twenty-two when he left his wife and his three children at Stratford and trudged up to London to seek his fortune; and he was probably about twenty-five before his first piece was per-

formed. We have no information as to the means whereby he supported himself when he first arrived in the capital. He may have held horses at the door of the theater, as one tradition has it. Or he may have been able to attach himself at once to one of the half-dozen companies of actors in London, since he might have won friends among their members when one or another of them had appeared at Stratford in the summers immediately preceding his departure from his birthplace. Malone recorded a tradition "that his first office in the theater was that of prompter's attendant"—that is to say, call-boy, as the function is now styled. This may be a fact, of course, but it seems a little unlikely, since a man of twenty-two would be rather mature for such work, easily within the capacity of a lad of fourteen.

If Shakespeare left Stratford in 1586 he had already established himself in London as an actor six years later when he was twenty-eight. It was in 1592 that Chettle, the publisher, apologizing for having issued Greene's posthumous attack on Shakespeare, declared that he was "excellent in the quality he professes"—that is to say, excellent as an actor. This is high praise for so young a performer; but Chettle's testimony does not carry as much weight as it might, since he is here seeking by frank flattery to make amends for the attack he had previously published. Yet this praise may be taken as evidence that Shakespeare by that time had succeeded in achieving a recognized position on the stage as an actor. A tradition, first recorded in 1699, declared that he was "better poet than player."

Whether or not he began his career in the theater as a call-boy, he seems very early to have made choice of the "line of business" which he wished to play. He may have chosen it because he believed himself to be best fitted for parts of that kind; or he may have drifted into the performance of "old men" because there happened at that moment to be a vacancy in the company for a competent performer of these elderly characters. Although the impersonator of these parts is said to play "old men," the characters he is to assume are not all of them stricken in years, even if they are grave and sedate, lacking in the exuberant vivacity of youth. The Ghost, for example, and Adam also, are technically "old men." So are many of the dukes and other chiefs of state, personages of noble bearing and of emphatic dignity. That Shakespeare ap-

peared in characters of this type in more than one of his own plays is more than probable. In fact, one John Davies, of Hereford, recorded that Shakespeare "played some kingly parts in sport." Just what the words "in sport" may mean must be left to the imagination.

That these austere and lofty characters are known in the theater to-day as "old men" does not imply that the actor who has chosen this line of business is himself elderly. On the contrary, young actors have often deliberately decided to devote themselves to the performance of "old men." The late John Gilbert, for example, long connected with Wallack's Theater in New York and celebrated for his unrivaled rendering of Sir Peter Teazle and Sir Anthony Absolute, began to impersonate elderly characters before he was twenty. If Shakespeare played the Ghost and Adam, and if Gilbert also undertook these characters (as he did), then it is possible that certain of the other Shakespearian parts assumed by the American actor as the "old man" of his company may have been originally written by Shakespeare for his own acting. And this leads us to the plausible supposition that Shakespeare may have been the original performer of Ægeon in the "Comedy of Errors," of Leonato in "Much Ado About Nothing," Baptista in the "Taming of the Shrew," Friar Lawrence in "Romeo and Juliet," the King of France in "All's Well that Ends Well," the Duke in "Othello," the Duke in the "Merchant of Venice," and possibly also the Duke in "Measure for Measure" (although in this last somber comedy it may be that the part which Shakespeare performed was one or the other of the two Friars).

The ascription of these characters to Shakespeare as an actor may be only a hazardous guess, but it is a guess in accordance with the customs of the theatrical profession, which are as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is a guess which is supported by all the known facts. A minute investigation of all his plays, by an expert in theatrical history and in histrionic tradition, would greatly increase the number of the parts which we have fair warrant for assuming to have been written by Shakespeare with an eye to his own acting.

The parts that have been here listed tentatively (and those that may be added to the catalogue) will be found to have certain general characteristics. They are all of them im-

portant and they are none of them prominent. The demands they severally made upon the actor who undertook them are not a few and not insignificant. For their proper representation most of them required a dignified presence, a courtly bearing, an air of authority, and a large measure of elocutionary skill. But the qualities these parts did not necessitate are equally significant. They called primarily for intelligence and only secondarily, if at all, for any large exhibition of emotion. Now, it is by the power of expressing passion at the great crises of existence and by the faculty of transmitting his feeling to his audience that the born actor is revealed. If he has not this native gift of communicable emotion, he can never be intrusted with the moving characters of a play. And apparently this native gift was denied to Shakespeare—who had so many others. An actor could acquit himself admirably in the Ghost and in Adam and in all the other “old men” which may have been performed by Shakespeare, he could have performed them to the entire satisfaction of the most critical spectators, without revealing the possession of the vital spark which illuminates the creative work of the truly great actor. In other words, these parts do not demand that the performer of them shall possess more than a moderate share of that mimetic faculty, that fullness of feeling, that amplitude of passion, which is the essential qualification for histrionic excellence.

To say this is not to suggest that Shakespeare had not a keen understanding of the fundamental principles of the art of acting. Such an understanding was his beyond all question, since that is a matter of the intelligence, of intellectual appreciation. To be assured of this we have only to recall the rehearsal of Bottom and his fellows, and to read again Hamlet’s pregnant advice to the Players. This understanding of the art of acting a playwright must always have or he will fail to get the utmost out of his actors. It is a condition precedent to his success as a writer of stage-plays; and it is possessed by every successful dramatist, by Racine and by Sheridan, by Sardou and by Bronson Howard, by Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. The playwrights must know what can be done with every part in every play of theirs; and they can then help the performers to attain this. They know what can be done—but it does not follow that they can do it themselves. Their grasp of the princi-

ples of the art does not imply that they themselves could act any one of their best parts as they would wish to have this acted. They may be the most skilful of trainers, and yet lack the histrionic gift themselves.

And not merely dramatists, but stage-managers—"producers," as they are now styled—may have this faculty of directing and guiding and inspiring performers to achieve their utmost, without themselves being capable of doing as actors what they feel ought to be done. Any one at all familiar with stage history can cite men who have not been eminent as actors and yet who were able to suggest to others how to get the best out of themselves. It was little Bowes who taught the Fotheringay the effects which so impressed the youthful Pendennis. It was Samson, a withered comedian of limited range, but of keen artistic intelligence, who suggested to Rachel many of her broadest and boldest strokes in tragedy.

When we set Hamlet's speech to the Players over against the remarks which Molière made in his own person in the "Impromptu of Versailles," we cannot help seeing that these great dramatists were alike in abhorring artificiality in acting, in abominating violence, in detesting rant, and in relishing simplicity and apparent naturalness. Both of them inculcated the necessity of truth in the portrayal of character and of passion. Molière attained also to the highest levels of the histrionic art; Shakespeare did not, probably because he was lacking in some one of the several physical qualifications which the actor of dominating parts must have. Apparently he was a well-proportioned man, even if not positively good-looking. But his body may have been rebellious to his will, with the result that his gestures, however well intentioned, would be ineffective and even awkward. It may be that it was his voice which was at fault; and a noble organ of speech is almost indispensable to a great actor. In one of his papers on "Actors and the Art of Acting" (always full of insight into the principles of that little-understood art), George Henry Lewes considered this possibility:

"I dare say he declaimed finely, as far as rhythmic cadence and a nice accentuation went. But his non-success implies that his voice was intractable or limited in its range. Without a sympathetic voice, no declamation can be effective. The tones which stir us need not be musical, need not be pleasant, even, but they must have a penetrating, vibrating

quality. Had Shakespeare possessed such a voice he would have been famous as an actor. Without it all his other gifts were as nothing on the stage. Had he seen Garrick, Kemble, or Kean performing in plays not his own he might doubtless have perceived a thousand deficiencies in their conception, and defects in their execution; but had he appeared on the same stage with them, even in plays of his own, the audiences would have seen the wide gulf between conception and presentation. One lurid look, one pathetic intonation, would have more power in swaying the emotions of the audience than all the subtle and profound passion which agitated the soul of the poet but did not manifestly express itself: the look and the tone may come from a man so drunk as to be scarcely able to stand; but the public sees only the look, hears only the tone, and is irresistibly moved by these intelligible symbols."

A little earlier in this same suggestive discussion of "Shakespeare as an Actor and Critic," Lewes asserted that

"Shakespeare doubtless knew—none knew so well—how Hamlet, Othello, Richard, and Falstaff should be personated; but had he been called upon to personate them he would have found himself wanting in voice, face, and temperament. The delicate sensitiveness of his organization, which is implied in the exquisiteness and flexibility of his genius, would absolutely have unfitted him for the presentation of characters demanding a robust vigor and a weighty animalism. It is a vain attempt to paint frescos with a camel's-hair brush. The broad and massive effects necessary to scenic presentation could never have been produced by such a temperament as his."

Probably it was because Shakespeare had the delicate sensitiveness with which Lewes credited him that he had also a distaste for acting—if we may interpret any of the lines of his sonnets as lyric revelations of his own sentiment. The intrigue which we think we can disentangle by a minute analysis of these poems may be feigned and unreal, a mere compliance with a literary fashion of the moment; but there is a sincerer note of personal feeling in the sonnets in which Shakespeare seems to be expressing his dislike for the calling by which he made his living. In the hundred-and-tenth sonnet he confessed:

"Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view."

And in the hundred-and-eleventh, which links itself logically with its predecessor, he appealed for a more tolerant consideration of his character contaminated by the stage:

"O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not for my life provide
Than public means what public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my nature receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd."

If Shakespeare is here speaking of himself as an actor, if this lyric is really wrung from the bottom of his heart, then we have an ample explanation for his failure to attain to the higher summits of the histrionic art. He did not like his profession; he did not enjoy acting; and we may take it as certain that no man ever won to the front in a calling which he did not love, just as no man ever despised the art in which he excelled. Shakespeare's dislike of acting may have been the cause of his lack of mastery or it may have been the consequence of this. Of course, it is dimly possible that we are reading into these sonnets more than Shakespeare meant to put into them, and that the quoted lines do not represent his own feelings. And even if they do, they may voice what was only a fleeting disgust for that personal exhibition which is the inseparable condition of acting and from which the practitioners of all the other arts (except oratory) are exempt—a personal exhibition doubly disagreeable to a poet of Shakespeare's "delicate sensitiveness."

Perhaps it is not fanciful to find in "As You Like It" itself evidence in behalf of the contention that Shakespeare was not greatly interested in himself as an actor. Adam, who is a character of some importance in the first half of the comedy, most unexpectedly disappears out of it in the second half. Now, if the author had been anxious for ampler histrionic opportunity, it would not have been difficult for him to bring on Adam again toward the end of the play, that he might impress himself more securely on the memory of the audience.

It was probably in 1598 that Shakespeare first appeared as Adam and as the elder Knowell, and it was probably in 1602 that he first personated the Ghost, being then thirty-eight years old. He was to remain on the stage ten or twelve years longer; but there is no reason to suppose that the parts he played in later life were any more important.

We do not know what characters he undertook in the plays which he wrote after "Hamlet"; nor do we know what parts he assumed in the many pieces by other authors which made up the repertory of the company. That he continued to act we need not doubt; for instance, he was one of the performers in Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," probably produced in 1602 or 1603. But the absence of specific information on this point is evidence that he did not impress himself upon his contemporaries as an actor of power. As Lewes declared, "the mere fact that we hear nothing of his qualities as an actor implies that there was nothing above the line, nothing memorable to be spoken of." The parts which we believe him to have played did not "demand or admit various excellencies." Shakespeare may have had lofty histrionic ambitions, but probably he was not allowed to gratify his longings, and certainly we have no tradition or hint that he ever failed in what he attempted in the theater. Perhaps we are justified in believing that he had gone on the stage merely as the easiest means of immediately earning his living, that he did not greatly care for acting, and that he was satisfied to assume the responsible but subordinate parts for which he was best fitted.

This view of his capacity as an actor is sustained by another consideration. Whatever Shakespeare's position as a performer may have been, his later popularity as a playwright is beyond dispute; indeed, his appeal to the play-going public was so potent that it tempted more than one unscrupulous publisher to put Shakespeare's name to plays which were not his. And his position as a member of the company was equally solidly established. All his plays (with one possible and unimportant exception) had been written for this company, to which he had been early admitted and of which he soon became one of the managers who had the responsibilities and who shared the profits of the enterprise. He ranked high in the company, and when King James took it under his direct patronage shortly after his accession in 1603, Shakespeare's name is the second on the list of actors as it appears on the royal warrant, and Burbage's is third. There is ample evidence that he was held in high esteem by his comrades of the theater. That he had a warm regard for them is shown by the fact that in his will he left money to Burbage, Condell, and Heming for the purchase of memorial rings. That they cherished

his memory is proved by the publication (seven years after his death) of the folio edition of his complete plays, due to the pious care of Condell and Heming. Shakespeare had the gift of friendship and he bound his fellows to him with hooks of steel. Outside of the theater also he was widely liked; and the personal references to him which have been gleaned from contemporary writers, however inadequate they may seem to us nowadays in appreciation of his genius, are abundant in expressions of regard for the man for his gentleness and his courtesy.

Now if Shakespeare was popular with his fellow-actors, with the playgoing public, with those he met outside the theater, there is no other possible explanation of the fact that he did not take the chief parts in at least a few of his own plays except that he was either incapable of so doing or not desirous of attempting it. We have only to consider the history of the theater to discover that every actor-playwright, from Molière to Boucicault and Gillette, who had both ambition and ability, composed the central characters of his own plays for his own acting. This is what has happened always in the past, and it is what must happen whenever a gifted actor takes to writing or whenever a gifted writer takes to acting. If, therefore, Shakespeare did not himself undertake Richard III. or Hamlet or Lear or any other of those overwhelming parts, but devised them rather for the acting of Burbage, we are forced to the conclusion that he knew himself incapable of them and that his comrades in the theater, his fellow-managers, knew this also. In other words, Shakespeare appeared as Adam and as the Ghost and he confined his acting to "old men," because these parts were well within his physical limitations. This conclusion, that the greatest of dramatists was not also great as an actor, may be unwelcome, but there is no escape from it.

For Shakespeare himself, however, if not for his modern admirers, there was one obvious compensation. He may not have been fond of the art; he may even have disliked the practice of his profession, and he may not have revealed himself as a performer of more than respectable ability, but he owed to acting the solid foundation of his fortune. He went to London in his youth with no visible means of support, although already burdened with a wife and three children; and he went back to Stratford not only well-to-do

but probably better off than any other resident of the little town. Even if Shakespeare was not a great actor, it was not as an actor that he gained entrance into the theater, that he acquired that intimate familiarity with stage technique which is evident in his masterpieces, and that he was able to get his successive plays swiftly produced by the very actors for whose performance he had specially devised them. It is because he was an actor that he was able speedily to make his way as a playwright; and it was because he was valuable to the company as actor and playwright that he was admitted partner in the undertaking. If he had not become an actor, he might or he might not have written "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar" and "As You Like It," but he probably would never have been able to buy New Place, to get a grant of arms for his father, and to spend the final years of his life in easy leisure. And we may rest assured that Shakespeare himself recognized all the advantage it was to him to be an actor, even if he did affect in one or another of his sonnets to rail against the disadvantages. Great poet as he was, he was also a good man of business with a keen eye to the main chance.

Shakespeare had three sources of income—as an actor, as an author, and as one of the managers. Mr. Lee has calculated that in the earlier years of Shakespeare's connection with the theater he received at least a hundred pounds a year as a performer and at least twenty pounds more as a playwright, with possibly some slight additional income from the sale of his poems (which were repeatedly reprinted). Allowing for the greater purchasing power of money in those days, we may assume that this gave Shakespeare an annual income about equivalent to five thousand dollars to-day. Later the price paid for plays rose, and by that time Shakespeare had become one of the partners in the theater. There is a likelihood that Shakespeare took upon himself a portion of the labor of stage-management and of producing new plays; and although the customs of the Elizabethan theater made this task less burdensome than it is to-day, still it was worthy of some remuneration. That Shakespeare in his youth had gone on the stage as an actor proved to be as profitable to his pocket as it was helpful to his mastery of stagecraft.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

REPUTATION AND POPULARITY

BY BRIAN HOOKER

THE reading public of to-day is a unique and somewhat disquieting experiment. We have willed that everybody shall read; and for the first time in history everybody does read after a fashion. We are very busy putting books into people's hands, in the general faith that something profitable will reach their heads. Journalism and popular fiction are everywhere spreading and satisfying their own demand; free education, of the best that we can hastily purvey, is sown broadcast alike upon every soil; and there are lectures, libraries, and literary organizations miscellaneous without number. Certainly, if there be anything ominous in the trend of our experiment, it is not for want of direction. English is driving Greek and Latin from our schools, and the tasks are set in our own classics; to the growth of the humanities are applied those arts of commercial promotion and publicity in which we naturally excel; nor is our native self-consciousness anywhere more acute than in the ceaseless talk and writing about books. In so far as may be, we suffer no man's reading to go unguided. Yet, with all this, we can pretend no great complacency over the present result. Our readers batten upon continual masses of cheap print, the like of which for bulk and tawdriness was never seen; philistinism is epidemic, and with it that deadlier kindred disease of discussing books unread and feigning unfelt appreciation; and over all the terms and shows of culture hangs an aroma of disregard, the connotation of the lifted nostril. When little boys cock up their noses over Scott and little girls are superior to Dickens, when scholars are afraid to be academic and critics are afraid to be literary, when a classic means a book to be avoided, and our best writers disclaim their art after the manner of Mark Antony, making a boast of crudeness,

something must be rather curiously wrong. Though these be straws, yet they mark the blowing of an ill wind. For it is sound history to remember that all great ages, however illiterate, have held letters in honor: and that the note of reaction against culture has never been anything other than a symptom of decay. Shakespeare's clowns quoted Latin to the comprehension of the groundlings; for a gentleman to do so now must smell of priggishness; and whoso trusts in the modern training in English to fill the room of the dead languages may observe how far the present university graduate falls below his fathers and his British brethren in the mastery of his native tongue. In our new republic of letters, the aristocrats must suffer exile or repudiate their obligation of nobility: and the enforced familiarity with books breeds among the multitude less comprehension than contempt. We are tending, as it seems, toward an equality of cultivation as well from above as from below. Demos, having seduced Athena, thinks the less of her.

Now in this condition it explains nothing to talk easily of commercialism and a material age. Something may indeed be set down to that futile hurry which leaves us neither the repose for thought nor the nervous equilibrium for emotion; but our theater, which (under pretense of being unliterary) is the strongest branch of present literature, has gone far to abolish the superstition of the tired business man. For the rest, the Augustan age was material, the Elizabethan commercial; and it was always characteristic of periods ideally fitted for literature to protest loudly their unfitness, as any one may remind himself by reading a little criticism. Neither can the blame be laid upon the infectious ubiquity of bad writing. That is at worst as much an effect as a cause: we need not be drunkards because there is a saloon around the corner, least of all upon the worst we can buy there. Moreover, there was always, in proportion, plenty of bad writing, especially where good writing best flourished: fertility grows most weeds. One forgets what masses of rubbish were produced by the Elizabethans, or, nearer home, in the flower of the Victorian period. Yet it is worth observing that the trash of the mid-century was in spirit an attempt at literature, whereas our own is in spirit a protest against literature. It is the difference between Lydia Sigourney and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, between G. P. R. James and George Barr McCutcheon: the

old stuff was pompous, maudlin, sentimental; the new swaggers familiarly with a rough-diamond air, ashamed of refinement. Surely there is a symptom here. None the less, it would be false diagnosis merely to scorn the profane vulgar, charging the new majority of raw readers with the decline of the general average. It is true that half-education makes noisy critics of the type least qualified to criticize: that the peasant has better, because more natural, taste than the bourgeois. But then you must be content to begin spoon-making by spoiling horns. Our trouble is that we are spoiling spoons: not that cultivation is now, as always, in the minority, but that the minority is melting away into the general mass. The gulf between the illiterate and the connoisseur is too wide to be bridged in a generation: in so much there is nothing to alarm; and the washed sow may run back to wallow, lamented only by such makers of silk purses as are bereft of their raw material thereby. But the Prodigal's is another story, since he was bred to desire better than husks. It is not that we read rubbish, but that we turn to it away from better reading: distaste for literature, not appetite for journalism: and in especial the spread of this distaste among the very class which has been for all time the inheritor and curator of the classics. These at least might be trustworthy to hold by the best, as they have traditionally done; and for their descent to the popular level there can be but one explanation. Our propaganda of reading must be so mismanaged as to make the worse appear the better.

What is there in the name of classic to conjure up a spirit of aversion? Or, more precisely, how does the fame of a book affect his appreciation who comes to it for the first time? Among the more docile minded its first service is as a substitute for personal opinion, submerging individual judgment. You must pronounce upon the unheralded for yourself; but criticism of the classics comes to you ready made under seal of authority. Here (by the way) is the first reason why our sense of new books is stronger and livelier, more interesting to ourselves: because it is our own. Now this reading by precedent is at best no other than a natural instance of the law of suggestion: you observe in a book, quite honestly, what you expect to observe, and question no further. So for you Shakespeare is infallible; Browning an abstruse and obscure philosopher, careless

of form; Ibsen a corrosive antiseptic; Dickens a comic caricaturist; Shaw and Chesterton a pair of coruscating mountebanks who deem the world well lost for a paradox; Tennyson, Swinburne, and Stevenson unsubstantial stylists; and so following. Reading thus by rote attains much comfortable cultivation. Only it is scarce within human virtue so to do without taking the one step more into deceit; and then you are past praying for. Shakespeare's jests (let us say) appear to you a little vapid, *Evangeline* touches you too sharply for patronizing, you find more dullness than elegance in Addison; but then . . . why burden yourself with heresy? The multitude are probably right, and in any case it is more agreeable to agree. And before you know it you are fairly in the welter of those who appreciate from the teeth outward, whose verdicts bear no relation to their sense. It is all so fatally easy, even to the last contemptible stage of joining in the critical chorus without ever having read the book. What is the use? I have never (as it happens) read anything of Zola; but I know exactly what to say about him. It is in the air, I could not avoid it if I would; I might undertake to talk for an evening with his admirers, and none should unmask me without the rudeness of direct examination. To this disease they are congenitally subject who care to be considered well read: Philistines are immune; but any teacher can tell how it rages among the schools and vitiates all hope of teaching. You cannot educate an echo; and the deepest heresy is that which ultimately conforms. Conventional errors, moreover, increase snowball-like by rolling; for every faint or feigned acquiescence augments the momentum of authority. The original splash of scandal widens around *Madame Bovary* until for every reader it has many judges; but every month launches without a ripple some book more actually shocking. *Gulliver* and *The Arabian Nights* are reputed in terms of juvenile selection. *The Vicar of Wakefield* has of course precisely the same rights of immortality as *Janice Meredith*; but the name of Goldsmith and the approval of Scott have carried it so far unquestioned that no one utters the blasphemy of a challenge.

Truly, it is bad enough to be hypnotized by sound reputation: and worse when, as in these cases, the reputation is at fault. Nor do we realize how common such cases are. The most familiar names fluctuate like the most active securities:

in Goldsmith's time Shakespeare was nobody in particular; and Scott and Dickens, the idols of the last century, are discredited in our own. Fashions in literature change no less than fashions in attire. One must look deeper than the trappings of the hour for the eternal humanity within. Yet we all treat our momentary habit as part of human nature; and to its own seeming every age is a millennium. Any ass may lord it in the lion's skin so long as furs remain in fashion; let the fashion change, and the king of beasts himself shall appear a travesty. It requires a strenuous effort of the imagination to realize that a Galahad upon Broadway might satirize no less justly than a Yankee in the court of Arthur. So before we bury any moribund classics, let us reflect upon their uncanny habit of resurrection, and acknowledge that incredible to-morrow when we shall be ourselves with yesterday's seven thousand years. *Post hoc, ergo melior hoc*, is the everlasting fallacy. Besides, one may always doubt if the book be even presently dead. Reputation at any given time may mean less to the sense of readers than the whim of the critics who have momentarily the louder lungs. I have just said that we despise Victorian romance, and so we do, officially; yet it goes on quietly outselling our best sellers, while the slings and arrows of outrageous realism fly harmless. The Bible, on the other hand, retains supreme repute; though indeed it was never in Christendom so unappreciated as here and now. Fame like wine grows stronger and sounder through age, and one should not hastily accept upon equal valuation the verdict of the ages upon "Antigone" and the verdict of the hour upon "The Playboy of the Western World." Critical commonplaces, moreover, are as likely as other commonplaces to embody only half the truth. Thus Browning and Whitman, instead of being careless of their form, were fiercely careful to make it what it is; thus the great stylists, from Shakespeare to Stevenson, are in truth no emptier of substance than their inferiors in art; thus Chesterton and Shaw are both utterly sincere, and, except for the mannerism of paradox, utterly opposed. Such literary proverbs are as untrustworthy as that bullies are always cowards, or that faint heart never won fair lady. Nor are the judges more infallible than the code. It is the besetting folly of connoisseurs to esteem themselves the people with whom wisdom shall perish: they announce the mode

with the air of discovering a law of nature; as a fashion-page may declare, "Women are to have hips this year." They float triumphantly with the tide, prophesying deluge; then the tide turns. "Paradise Lost" came along with the Restoration; and just after Macaulay had explained why there could be no more epics, Robert Browning wrote "The Ring and the Book." So at the present time one must allow for a premium upon all realism, and a discount upon all romance; and at all times for the confident narrowness of the specialist who knows men through contemporary books. You hear of Dickens as a sentimentalist without structure, of Ibsen as flawless in technique, the great unmasker of his age. Now Dickens did construct badly in some cases, perfectly in others: *Our Mutual Friend* is perhaps the best-constructed English novel. Ibsen is a technical expert; but the tragedy in "Ghosts" totters upon a crazy trestle of coincidence; and like most professional unmaskers, Ibsen wasted much genius in washing obvious enamel from the countenance of semi-occasional vice. Hedda Gabler is a horrible accident, like hydrophobia. But the vogue is all for the problem play and against the romantic novel; and most critics move in that thin stratum of society where alone such mad dogs as Hedda do now and then occur, and where alone the arabesque personalities of Mantalini and Micawber are made impossible by convention. Let this not be understood as decrying criticism. The critics are the judges, learned in common law, wise codifiers of tradition. We were never more in need of them; but since the most judicial vision has its blind spot, it is unsafe to follow blindly. We must look also for ourselves.

Thus far of reading by rule; but upon more assertive natures the reputation of a book has just the opposite effect: the effect of a challenge. What is this book which I must admire whether I will or no? I do not think much of it. A classic? Then I do not think much of classics. Impatient intelligence like this, immature whether in training or in years, extends far beyond the undergraduate period: it is equally the mind of that whole vast body of the newly lettered, who have advanced so far beyond their fathers as to be quite certain that no possible horizon can transcend their own; the mind also of the specialist in other matters than books, who carries into that province wherein he is still a child the confidence matured within his own. This

type of mind for extent and independence is best worth educating; and it is precisely the type which our education wastes upon silly revolt. Here is to be sought the root of that distaste for literature which is our peculiar trouble. And its seed is first sown in the schools. A certain resistance is inseparable from the mere fact of required reading: the boy who would devour *Ivanhoe* for fun, who would desire it the more if it were forbidden, will shirk preparing six chapters of it for to-morrow's recitation. School-books are for work, others for play; and we have relegated the best of our literature to the former category. Whereas English is unlike other subjects of primary study in this, that the others do not demand to be pursued for pleasure after school is done. You may graduate none the worse for a hatred of geography or mathematics, for you have absorbed perforce as much of them as you are likely to require, and so an end; but your reading can barely have begun in the class-room. In the evasion of this difficulty lay the cleverness of the old Greek and Latin schooling: it taught literature, while it left English literature untainted with drudgery; besides teaching language, which our present method simply fails to do. Moreover, the requirement of English cannot avoid shifting the emphasis from reading to having read. To have gone through a certain set of books is to be prepared for the examination; and there is the beginning of that Philistine attitude which measures culture by the mile-stones instead of by the pleasures of the way. I do not mean to argue against the teaching of English in the schools: only to point out the inherence in it of certain drawbacks whose operation is everywhere obvious. Something must be allowed at best for original human perversity; and under actual conditions these necessary evils are intensified. Bad teaching runs to seed over the glossary and the notes, withering appreciation into analysis, and setting up the College Entrance Board in the seats of the Muses. Bad selection requires books whose merits are invisible to the student. Indeed, our whole presentation of reading to the new public centers upon these two errors: the error of making the classic a task and the error of making it a means to an unworthy end—the text-book and the examination. And the mischief once started finds no lack of food. Illiteracy, exercised by the pedants, returns presently to the swept and garnished mind, with seven others

worse than himself capering at his heels: journalism fresh every hour, predigested to stay down where the queasy brain rejects all else; popular fiction, most thrill with mildest thought; translations, compendiums, and five-foot bookshelves, modern devices to make you well read without the labor of reading, palms without dust; philistinism chanting its declaration of independence; and, last and vilest, the critical pander to all these, the inverted hypocrite who assumes vulgarity, the mercenary judge who is devil's advocate as well. Let literature appear ever so little bore-some, and these rush to protest the superiority of rubbish; let reading take the least color of a means to an end, and they offer eagerly a host of nostrums all warranted indistinguishable from the genuine and painless to apply. So we have the unhappy classic beset on opposite sides by clever enemies and tactless friends. Reading is at once honored in the breach and discredited in the observance; and the Attic emigrants are received with open arms in Bœotia. Those traditional rivals Highbrow and Lowbrow are secretly playing into each other's hands. For all their parade of enmity, they are not really competitors in the least: they are a conspiracy in restraint of culture.

Reputation then becomes in these two ways a detriment to popularity: if the reader be more complaisant than critical, it leads him to appreciate blindly or to pretend appreciation; if he be more confident than conservative, it arouses prejudice, and leads him to despise all classics together for the sake of the few which he has failed to enjoy. In both cases the radical error is the apotheosis of reputation. You accept a man upon his merits, but a god must be either worshiped or blasphemed. So if the great writers are truly to be valued above the lesser, they must take on flesh and blood, walking the streets among mediocrities that their greater stature may be seen. It sounds paradoxical to say that here and now we are attending far too much to the mere fame of books; yet that is precisely why we do not better appreciate the most famous of them. For the average mind is not obtuse: that is a conceit of the unobservant; but the average mind is extremely lazy, readier to echo a catchword or to loll upon a prejudice than to form a personal decision. So people will pass a critical counterfeit rather than exert themselves to convict the utterer; so they will discard an entire class of books rather than trouble

to analyze their dislike of a single specimen. And the remedy is to set reputation upon its proper footing. A great book means merely a book which very many have enjoyed: it is in no special category; there is no arbitrary alternative to think thus and so of it, or to leave it and its like alone. Its fame is a majority report, nothing more. You must look for yourself how far you agree with the majority; but you need not be afraid of it. If you materially disagree, you must examine for yourself your grounds of disagreement; but you need not conclude that majorities are always wrong. This, which is the natural attitude toward the ordinary reading of the day, is the only rational attitude toward any reading whatsoever. From the most ephemeral skit to the most inspired masterpiece, every book must be judged personally without fear or favor if it is to be judged upon its merit; for its merit is, in the final analysis, merely the extent of that appeal. If we are to gain anything by making everybody read, everybody must read honestly.

And to achieve this better than by the slow attrition of unregulated chance will demand a fundamental change in our presentation of literature to the unlettered. We are at present teaching reputation without teaching criticism; but we must begin by teaching criticism, and let reputation take care of itself. We say in effect: "Here is a classic which you are to admire: as for the stuff you have been reading, that is bad in such and such respects." To which the reader naturally replies: "For the classic I can take your word; but I prefer, so please you, the stuff I have been reading." No one will admire to order; at most some will profess admiration. Nobody can be won away from inferiority by fault-finding; at most, some will imagine that they admire faults. And that imagination is pre-eminently mischievous and absurd. It is as natural for a man to enjoy cheap writing as for a child to enjoy cheap candy: not that clay and anilines are enjoyable, but that sugar is confused with them. And the only way to educate either taste toward the preference of something better is to distinguish the actual ground of present enjoyment. To examine faults at the outset is sheer waste of time; one must first observe those virtues whose absence constitutes the fault; and to this a sincere admiration of some sort is prerequisite. There is no lack of such where everybody has

already read more or less; for the quality of the material matters little. Wherever there is admiration, something is admirable. Popular fiction has at worst an obvious motive, a rapid action, a sharp cleavage of character; journalism is always lucid and emphatic; the most vulgar verse has rhythmic vigor and pungency of phrase. From these even culture may learn something; but even illiteracy can learn nothing from classics read with prejudice because upon compulsion. Explanation of the merits of the *Nick Carter Weekly* and the editorials of Mr. Brisbane may be made the first step toward appreciating the kindred merits of Meredith and Emerson; whereas praising Meredith and Emerson to minds insensible of their excellence leads nowhere. All sound culture must begin with pleasure and proceed through understanding.

All this is not to play Cassandra for a trifle, peevishly prophesying a journey to the dogs. We shall not be damned for a lapse of taste. Greater troubles we have sustained, and may be now sustaining; nor is the analysis of any failing easily made clear without some color of exaggeration. Yet it is not wholly a little matter bounded by narrow confines of merely artistic advancement. I have spoken of literature and the classics; but reading, in the wider general sense, proceeds along the same paths, judged by the same laws, and appreciated by like appetites. He who is impatient of honest fiction will be impatient of honest thought; the man who prefers cheap drama prefers cheap morality; to be content with tawdry music is to be content with crude emotion. And as reading was never so universal as to-day, so there never was a time when the content of the general mind was derived so largely from print. What we are depends closer than ever before upon what we read; for we have made all the people readers and all governors.

BRIAN HOOKER.

THE FUTURE OF EXPLORATION

BY SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

THERE seems to be a wide-spread idea that the work of exploration is virtually finished; that if Captain Scott succeeds, as we all hope he will succeed, in beating the *Nimrod* record and covering the hundred miles which we had to leave between us and the South Pole, the last silent sanctuary of the earth will have been captured and nothing will remain to be done but the humdrum of survey and mapping.

In these days of express holidays from Paris to Peking and from Capetown to Cairo, it is, perhaps, a comprehensible error. To the favorites of fortune who find themselves suddenly able to indulge in long and comfortable journeys through newly-opened lands, the struggles of the first pioneers will seem a small thing. The Bartholomews and Johnstons and Stanfords have unwittingly favored the impression by so well filling our maps that the blank spaces seem few and unimportant. And it must be admitted that the friendly rivalry of explorers has, unfortunately, contributed to the difficulties of their successors. They are not to blame; the pure spirit of adventure after knowledge burns as brightly in the minds of Scott and Charcot, Amundsen and Filchner, Hedin and Mawson, as it did in those of Franklin and Ross, Speke and Livingstone. The difference is in the audience, not the actors. A public for whom the new maps are a very indifferent substitute for the old globes pictures an ice-bound area larger than Europe as a variant of Epsom Downs, and three or four scattered groups of hungry, weary men merely as competitors for the Great Polar Stakes. Its interest is exhausted when the farthest point is recorded and a few outstanding adventures are re-tailed. The "race" is over: *ergo* the work of exploration is done. No more foolish mistake could be made, and none more disastrous in its consequences.

A very sad illustration of this was recently given by Sir Fridtjof Nansen when he published Captain Amundsen's explanation of the sudden and unexpected diversion of his latest expedition from the North to the South Polar regions. Amundsen has done admirable work in the Arctic; and he had planned a further voyage across the Polar Basin for the purpose of a serious and prolonged scientific survey. But Norway, though one of the most prosperous and progressive of lands, is not rich; and, with so sober a programme, Amundsen found that the necessary money did not come in. By way of whipping up the old enthusiasm, therefore, he resolved first to make a dash for the South Pole; and, lest this should displease some of his supporters, he kept his decision secret till the *Fram* was well on the sixteen-thousand-mile journey to the southern ice. When his confession appeared the famous old ship was already in winter-quarters at Bay of Whales in the Ross Sea; and there it was found at the beginning of February last by Captain Scott, who had left his winter-quarters at Cape Evans and, with the *Terra Nova*, was engaged in surveying the Great Ice Barrier, preparatory to his own attack upon the fastnesses of the polar tableland.

Lieutenant Filchner's expedition has been prepared with all the quiet thoroughness that characterizes German enterprise. Neither in that nor in Charcot's case has there been any report of financial difficulty. In England we depend for all great efforts more upon voluntary support; and it is we, though most challenged by the honor of history and by material interest to the perils of discovery, who soonest feel any failure of private generosity. Scott is in the field to vindicate the claims of the Union Jack; and I need say no more of him than that his subscription-list still lacks a sum of £10,000, and that we owe such a man as much as any commander who returns scathless from distant battle-fields of empire. Let me speak of two others who ask only to be enabled to risk their lives in adding to the British share in Antarctic knowledge and interests—Dr. Douglas Mawson, leader of the proposed Australian expedition, and Dr. W. S. Bruce, of the *Scotia*, director of the Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory.

Mawson, who had been lecturer in mineralogy and petrology at Adelaide University, was physicist to the *Nimrod* expedition of 1907-09; and I then had, of course, abundant

opportunities of judging his capacities. He with Professors David and Murray formed the northern party which, after a hard and perilous journey, reached the South Magnetic Pole. Although now only thirty-one years old, Mawson is exceptionally able and experienced both as scientist and explorer—a combination happily not so rare as it used to be. His plans have been warmly indorsed not only by the scientists of Australia, but by our own Geographical Society. He looks with a natural ambition to that side of the Antarctic continent which faces his adopted land, and where he has already taken up Nature's stern challenge. He had hoped to go out with Captain Scott and to be landed with a party at Cape Adare, there to attack the problems and the mysteries of the coast-line from South Victoria Land right round to Gaussberg in Wilhelm Land, a distance of over two thousand miles. This, however, proved impracticable. There was then a question of my organizing an expedition for this purpose, but it was impossible for me to do so, and Mawson took up the work hoping to be in a position to sail south from Australia with a complement of fifty men at the close of the past year.

In addition to his own attempt upon the Pole and the extreme south, Scott last year landed a party at Cape Adare, the object of which was to explore the north coast of Victoria Land west of Cape North and to decide whether there is continuous land or a chain of islands as far as Adelie Land. Mawson's expedition would take up the running with a more thorough investigation of what he likes to call the Australian Quadrant. It is at present almost wholly unknown, for on this immense stretch of coast a landing has only once been made, and then as long ago as 1840. Mawson would land three shore parties at intervals, each with necessities for wintering, and, having taken possession for the Empire, would proceed by sledging parties to make a complete geographical and magnetic survey. One party would, if possible, strike across country to the Magnetic Pole, reaching it from the opposite side to that which he approached from the *Nimrod*.

It cannot be too emphatically said that the interior behind the eight thousand miles of Antarctic coast-line, with an area considerably larger than that of Europe, is practically *terra incognita*, a few spots only having been touched by the four expeditions which have so far wintered on the frozen

continent. Even its general structure is a matter of speculation. According to one theory there is a mountain chain right across the Polar area from Graham Land, the point nearest to South America, to Mount Erebus, and South Victoria Land—the Antarctic Andes, as they have been speculatively named, on the supposition that they continue the great South-American range. Another view which the German expedition in particular will investigate suggests the existence of a vast ice-clad canal extending from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea, dividing the continent into eastern and western masses; while, again, the coast opposite South Africa—Enderby Land—has been thought to be a third continental fragment. Finally, there is the more probable belief that the continent is a unit, mostly a very high plateau sloping from mountain heights of 15,000 feet, gradually on the Atlantic, and more precipitously on the Pacific side. There are hardly less interesting problems of the past to solve. Dr. Mawson, for instance, regards as almost conclusive the evidence that, in a geologically recent past, there existed a habitable Antarctic continent stretching out to what are now South America, New Zealand, and South Africa; that volcanic activity brought about a separation; and that an ice age of fearful severity afterwards extinguished the life of the present Polar area.

Here are challenges worthy of the best explorer. But Mawson combines with the passion of discovery a keen utilitarian spirit. He points out the value of weather and magnetic charts to navigation, expects that the establishment of convenient harbors must lead to the development of valuable whale and seal fisheries, and hopes much from the mineral wealth hidden in the Antarctic. He had discussed the possibility of erecting a wireless telegraphic station in the Antarctic for the supply of weather reports to Australia. If, as is thought possible, a "southerly buster" could be thus anticipated, the costs would certainly be infinitesimal as compared with the benefits.

Dr. Bruce—who has made nine Polar voyages, two of them to the Antarctic, in 1892-1893 and 1902-1909—has a very different programme. He is himself a walking cyclopedia of the departments of science called into play in Polar exploration, which include astronomy, meteorology, and the investigation of the higher atmosphere by means of balloons and kites, magnetism, the physics of the ocean, in

particular the study of currents and temperatures at various depths, the study of the shape and geology of the ocean bed, and the biology of the sea and ice. There are immense fields open for research of this kind—in the Arctic, for instance, all along the coast and channels of northern Canada and the coast of Siberia, and in the Antarctic almost throughout the vast area within the Polar circle. In a little book he has recently written, Dr. Bruce points out and deplores a curious illogicality of the general mind on this subject:

“The pride and glory of our past is largely due to the intrepidity and alertness of our seamen. Yet, with all this, not only the public generally, but even many scientific people, think much more of an accidental discovery of land than of any amount of hard, plodding work carried on at sea. So much so that, if an expedition investigates 150 miles of unknown land, it is said to have made ‘important geographical discoveries,’ whereas if it investigate, with equal if not greater detail, 150 miles of unknown sea, it will be said that the expedition made ‘no geographical discoveries.’ The reason is that, especially in Britain, few people really appreciate a map, so notoriously bad is the teaching of geography, and so little is it encouraged. The ordinary atlas simply prints a blue color over the surface of the sea. . . . Scarcely any attempt whatever is made to show whether these stretches of sea are deep or shallow, clear or muddy, brown or blue, rough or smooth; there are few indications of currents, tidal or otherwise.”

Perhaps the enthusiastic oceanographer stresses the point a little too strongly; for, while man lives on the land and not in the sea, he will be more interested in painting the one red than the other blue. But it is a good point; and Dr. Bruce is justified in saying that in some ways, in this day of mammoth liners and regular routes, we actually know and care less about the sea than of old, so that “the stories of great sea-monsters might not be so fabulous as supposed, though those in small craft and without scientific training might possibly get a somewhat exaggerated idea of their size and shape.”

The projected Scottish National Antarctic Expedition, then, would make a great point of marine exploration, especially in the far south Atlantic; but it has also its own particular design on the great ice plateau. This is perhaps the boldest of any yet mooted—nothing less ambitious than a journey right across the continent, from the base in Coats Land, over the Polar area, to the Ross Sea on the side of either King Edward Land or Victoria Land, Scott’s

and my own starting-point. The advantage of an attack from the Atlantic side is unmistakable. It is possible, as Bruce thinks, that the greatest mass of Antarctica lies here; and every step into the interior from the coast of Coats Land will be a step into absolutely unknown territory. It will test the problem of the mountain ranges named above and the character of the ice-fields of which Bruce believes that that on the Atlantic side has a gentler slope than that up which we struggled from McMurdo Sound. Even if only partly successful, it would supplement in a very valuable way the surveys on which at this moment Scott is engaged. At the worst, it may clear up the question whether Coats Land is joined to Graham Land and Enderby Land; and it may do something to justify Bruce's prediction that observations, past and future, carried on in Coats Land, along with those in South America and South Africa, will presently make possible the forecasting of the conditions of the monsoons in India, and so help to alleviate suffering among the millions of our great dependency.

At the same time, while I am loath to utter a single discouraging word, the difficulties of this plan are so great that, were it not for Bruce's known ability, pluck, and coolness, it would hardly deserve serious consideration. In the first place, the base chosen is some three hundred miles further from the Pole than Scott's and my own. When it is recalled that, under fairly good conditions, the *Nimrod* party could not manage the last hundred miles (counting 200 "on a division," as they would say at Westminster), the chances of doing an extra 300 miles, even on a slighter slope, are seen to be problematical. Also, it is rather remarkable that, in the 150 miles of the coast of Coats Land discovered and mapped by the *Scotia* in 1904, although the interior did not look alarming from shipboard, not a single suitable landing-place was found. This coast, in fact, like that which Charcot has lately explored (in spite of a torn keel), is very much more difficult and dangerous than the Ross Sea.

I may be asked of what material use are these costly expeditions; since so multifarious are the requirements in the modern explorer, so high is the standard set, his equipment is admittedly more expensive than of old, a well-found Polar expedition now costing, on an average, about £50,000. A reply in business terms to this question would, however,

necessarily omit the most important considerations, just because the objective is an incalculable quantity. Nobody knows, or can even guess, at the value of the secrets the ice-world has yet to yield to science. Dr. Mawson thinks he may find unsuspected mineral wealth in Antarctica. I hardly share his hopes; but he is right to wish to put them to the test. If a narrow utilitarianism had ruled over adventurous youth, what a poor thing human history would be, what riches would be lacking in our life to-day. Nor do I believe that the larger-minded of business men to whom explorers have to appeal will ever take such a short-sighted view. Most of them must realize how large a part the unknown and unexpected have played in their own careers and fortunes. They know that the routine temper that scorns the speculative and the undiscovered is forever shut out from the most magnificent possibilities of constructive business. If every laboratory in industrial England were to be tried by its immediate cash return, we might begin to fear for the future of our land. Here is the point at which faith and science join hands. "Nature abhors a vacuum," and no less does the human mind, if it be worthy of its kingdom, abhor the idea of leaving any part of the earth uncharted and untamed.

I will allude to only one of these possibilities, one that, if it cannot excite individual cupidity, should appeal to the imagination of good citizens who may, if they will, move governments to the adequate endowment of research. Meteorology is hardly a half-century old as a science; and so many factors in weather prediction are still unknown that the man in the street chiefly sees this subject as a matter of jokes. At sea and in the country-side, it is otherwise. A storm may mean death to the sailor; a blizzard means ruin to the farmer. In either case, and it is to be multiplied by millions, to be forewarned would be to be forearmed. Toward this forewarning, the Poles have certainly a great contribution to make. Imagine an India relieved of the dread of famine! Of all the great men of the future, the now despised Clerk of the Weather will assuredly be one of the most honored and powerful.

Enough has been said to show that, particularly in the Antarctic, the British pioneers named deserve the most generous support, public and private, and, indeed, that our national honor is engaged in their cause. It is evident, too,

that there is work enough for all the hands so far turned to the extreme south, and that there need be no jealousy, but only the most friendly rivalry, among Englishmen, Scots, Australians, Germans, and Norwegians.

But it is not, by any means, only in the Polar regions that tasks await the explorer worthy of his best nerve and skill. Without attempting anything like a full list, some of these may be referred to for the benefit of any who think that the book of geographical adventure is closed. In northern Canada there is still much new ground to break, with rich prizes for the hunter and miner; central Labrador is practically untrodden, and though Greenland has been crossed the interior is little known. The long northern coast-line of Russia and its frozen hinterland are unvisited except by the nomad natives, though the commercial advantage of sea communications with the great rivers running northward through Siberia has long been recognized. A quarter of a century has passed since Captain Wiggins navigated the *Phoenix* across the Kara Sea and up the Yenisei to the city of Yeniseisk; but the promise of opening out a regular Arctic route for the conveyance of Siberian butter and other produce to the London market has hardly been fulfilled. This is rather a question of navigation than of exploration proper; but throughout the north and east of the Tsar's Asiatic dominions there is still much occupation for the explorer as well as for the pioneer of trade. This is no less true of Russian Central Asia, where many historical and archæological problems also remain to be investigated. The opening-up of Thibet and the borderlands of India and China will yet be a long and slow process; and the mapping of northern China is far from complete. A British expedition is, I believe, at this moment engaged upon most interesting researches in western Mongolia, a region as to which English readers have so far practically no information. Starting from the Upper Yenisei, whose curious inhabitants have not been seriously studied, it was to cross southward into what was the cradle of the ancient Tartar Empire, virgin soil (or sand) to the scientific investigator, then to penetrate through 800 unsurveyed miles of the Gobi desert, and so to reach Peking.

New Guinea, an island as large as Great Britain whose wild mountains and forests are still mostly closed to their nominal Dutch, British, and German owners, has been the

objective of several expeditions during the last few years. The results of the British party's exploration of the snow range of the western or Dutch end of the island are most important. This party contended with great difficulties with certain natives of the interior. These, it appears, carry on warfare with their coast neighbors chiefly for the purpose of capturing women, who are scarce. Scattered groups of pygmies—the men only averaging 4 feet 6 inches in height—were also found. Mr. Goodfellow was the first leader of the expedition, but was invalided home. Captain Rawlings took his place and the brunt of the work fell on him, Mr. Wollaston, and my old comrade, Dr. Eric Marshall. The splendid collections brought home—ethnological, ornithological, and so forth, with copious notes—and the accurate maps produced make them deserving of wide-spread recognition for what they have accomplished in the face of enormous difficulties.

The "partition of Africa" leaves nothing quite unexplored of what, until the other day, we used to call "the Dark Continent," except a few desert and mountain fastnesses. Sir Harry Johnston says:

"In all probability no human tribe, no new mammal, bird, reptile, or fresh-water fish of importance or striking novelty will be discovered in further investigations. But we may expect many startling revelations in the ancient history of African men and beasts by the digging up of fossil or archaeological remains. In fact, the scientific study of Africa, past and present, is only just commencing."

Native customs and organization present one vast field of study; another lies in the alarming spread of sleeping sickness and other deadly diseases in the wake of the European interloper. In cutting the Panama Canal, the Americans have shown that a stronghold of fever, by a few years' efforts, may be cleaned out and made quite a healthy region. Too often the explorer has brought death instead of life in his train.

Almost every kind of geographical research is urgently called for from one end to the other of South America. Though larger than Europe, this continent has only about a tenth of its population, and extensive tracts have hardly even been traversed. Costa Rica has unexploited gold-fields and other mineral wealth guarded by dense forests and precipitous mountains. The three giant rivers—the Amazon, Orinoco, and La Plata—drain millions of miles of riotously

rich land, much of which is familiar only to obscure native tribes. The vagueness of frontiers, for instance, between Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru has recently led to mischievous quarreling; but, if this could be measured in monetary cost, it would be a small matter as compared with the waste of economic opportunity. The scarcity of rubber has here given a notable stimulus to the work of discovery; but there are chances enough left for a generation of adventurers, provided they are "salted" to equatorial conditions, with no doubt about the reward, scientific or commercial. Sir Clements Markham has lately pointed out that "there is a vast tract in Colombia and Venezuela, bounded on the west by the slopes of the Cordilleras, on the east by the Orinoco and Rio Negro, on the north by the river Meta, and on the south by the Vaupes and Japura, which is practically unknown." Of the southern frontier of Colombia and much of the upper Amazon, the same thing may be said. A commission has been engaged for some time mapping parts of the interior of Peru. The exploits of Whymper and Conway have by no means laid bare all the mysteries of the Andes; and, though southern Chile has discovered the immense possibilities of sheep-farming, King Frost still defends many of the secrets of wild Patagonia. It is calculated that no less than six hundred millions of British money are invested in South America, where population is constantly flowing in from the Old World and Governments are slowly taking on a more stable character. It has not been, and cannot be, calculated by how many thousands of millions the human race will be enriched when the energies and skill of modern engineers, agriculturists, and traders are seriously bent to the exploitation of these too-long neglected estates.

Finally, the exploration of the submarine world is only just begun. Worse still, it may, I fear, be safely said that all the work of our modern oceanographers—of Sir John Murray of *Challenger* fame, Dr. Hjort of the *Michael Sars*, Prince Albert of Monaco, and of the various marine biological stations—has won less of public attention and interest than did a single one of Jules Verne's heroes, Captain Nemo of the *Nautilus*. Thus does a good tale overshadow the romance of real life, with all its potency of solid advantage, for it is one of the cheapest of fallacies that men are always governed by self-interest. But interest does tell in

the long run; and some day a statesman will arise who has eyes to perceive that, if we would only take pains to farm the sea with a hundredth part of the energy we give to farming the land, there is food enough going a-begging there to nourish a nation.

Exploration, then, will not be played out in our time. Its methods and objectives change. It becomes more scientific and a little less adventurous, more intensive and less extensive. It goes back over old tracks. Men thought that the main facts of the ancient Mediterranean civilizations were known; but when the international war-ships took possession of Crete, Dr. Arthur Evans was enabled to commence diggings which resulted in the unveiling of the totally lost marvels of the Minoan age, the precursor of classic Greece. All over the world great tasks of discovery await accomplishment, some sensational, some merely useful, some chiefly challenging the scientist, some the financier and trader. The opening up of new lands in America and Africa and new markets in Asia is probably the largest of all the factors in the rapid increase of wealth and comfort during the last half century. That great chapter in human history is yet far from being closed; it has much that is strange to reveal, and much of benefit and beauty.

ERNEST SHACKLETON.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN. By E. T. Cook. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

If one is looking for a personal biography in this life, he may well feel disappointment. Ruskin, though the son, as he himself says, "of an entirely honest merchant," was by nature and by nurture an aristocrat of the aristocrats. He was independent and careless of public opinion, and many of the most intimate affairs of his life remain as shrouded in mystery when one has closed these two large volumes as before opening them. No light whatsoever is thrown upon his unhappy marriage. Beyond the date of the marriage and one or two perfunctory references to it in private letters, the biography hardly touches the subject. The final crisis is treated as casually as any familiar daily incident might be treated. "In the same month" (as the publication of Ruskin's lectures on *Architecture and Painting*, April, 1854) "his wife left him. She returned to her parents and immediately instituted a suit. Ruskin declined to put in any answer, and went abroad. The marriage was annulled on July 15th, and a year later, on July 3, 1855, Euphemia Chalmers Gray was married at Bowerswell to Millais." If the biographer had been noting that on such and such a date his subject invested in new boots or took a day's jaunt to Margate for his health, the matter could not have been treated with more nonchalance. The desire to know why a great man's wife leaves him is not all vulgar curiosity. It is a part of the general make-up of a character and a talent, and is vital to adequate understanding.

Ruskin, however, was not only a genius, and a petted and spoiled one, but to the end of his days he lacked the quality which "lives and lets live." He wanted to keep every one's house, tidy up the whole universe, and straighten out the morals of all his friends and acquaintances into the bargain. He was never happier than when little girls or young ladies or workmen's clubs wrote him for advice, and he could dilate at length upon all the rules and routine of existence. He was an inspired prophet and an eloquent "scold." In one of his letters to C. E. Norton he complains of his inability to draw the clouds because the Creator *will* fan them His own way. He often seemed like a worried housekeeper. But with all this, we draw from the volume the picture of the great, troubled giant wrestling with his thoughts, striving ever after greater and greater nobility of work and life, and never wholly free from the full sense of its terror, mystery, turmoil, responsibility.

There are delightful pictures given of Ruskin's wholly noble and generous relations with Rossetti, and no more instructive picture could one come at of the intrinsic differences of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon

characteristics. Ruskin began with the most gentle and considerate attempts to relieve Rossetti's financial difficulties by suggesting that he buy within a certain range of prices, and we may add a very generous range, whatever Rossetti painted or drew for which there were no other immediate purchasers. This benefit was followed by one to Miss Siddall, Rossetti's fiancée, in the form of funds for a winter abroad, having first sent her, at his expense, to his own physician and settled upon her an income of £150 a year, as payment for sketches which she was from time to time to deliver to him. Despite unremitting service, the friendship with Rossetti dwindled after his wife's death. "He was really," writes Ruskin of Rossetti, "not an Englishman, but a great Italian tormented in the Inferno of England, doing the best he could; but he could not be shortened by the strength of his animal passions without any trained control or guiding faith."

Rossetti was, indeed, a Latin, straining at the leash of personal liberty; eager above all for freedom; Ruskin was an Anglo-Saxon breaking heart and health in his effort to reduce the world to a precise and neat orderliness.

An amusing picture is given by Meredith of the house in Cheyne Row which Rossetti inhabited. Meredith having irresponsibly agreed to occupy an apartment there, called one morning just after noon to inspect his apartments. "Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table on a huge dish rested five thick slabs of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death. Presently Rossetti appeared in his dressing-gown with slippers down at the heel, and devoured the repast like an ogre." One can easily fancy the discomfort of Meredith, superciliously dainty, and Ruskin, accustomed to the precision of a well-ordered English house with footmen, valets, butlers, and old-time retainers, at any such slipshod mode of life. Moreover, Ruskin, though fond of animals in his own way—of cats because they were domestic, of dogs because they were obedient, of sheep because they were gentle—would hardly have taken kindly to the riotous companionship of the menagerie kept in Rossetti's small city garden, a menagerie which included owls, rabbits, dormice, hedgehogs, a woodchuck, a marmot, a kangaroo, wallabies, a deer, armadillos, a raccoon, a raven, a parrot, chameleons, lizards, salamanders, a laughing jackass, a zebra, wombats, and at one time a bull!

Much of Ruskin's casual and familiar criticism of the writers and painters of the day comes out in the letters quoted in these volumes, and, in the main, one marvels at the way Ruskin forecast or pointed out the taste of the future. One curious error, however, was his criticism of Christina Rossetti's manuscript poems, submitted by her brother. There can hardly be to-day two opinions as to who was the most perfect artist in words of all that great generation of writers. Even Tennyson, perhaps because the bulk of his work is so much greater, can hardly compete with Christina Rossetti for flawless artistry. Yet upon a first reading of her poems Ruskin writes to Gabriel: "They are full of beauty and power. But no publisher—I am grieved to know this—would take them, so full are they of quaintness and offences. (*sic!*) Irregular measure (introduced, to my great regret, in its chief wilfulness, by Coleridge), is the calamity of modern poetry! Your sister should exercise herself in the severest

commonplace of meter until she can write as the public likes. Then if she puts in her observation and passion all will become precious. But she must have the Form first."

If ever a compendious *Enchiridion* of Victorian Criticism were published this would be as quaint a bit of misunderstanding as one could well come at. Ruskin's criticisms were unparalleled in their freedom from personal bias. In the years immediately following Millais's marriage with Ruskin's quondam wife, the critic continued to heap highest praise upon his rival's pictures. On one occasion when Ruskin felt called upon to abuse and demolish the work of a friend, he wrote a note to that friend explaining, with naïve innocence of human nature, that although he felt called upon to write as he did of the work, he hoped nothing would interfere with the continuance of a friendship which—etc., etc.; to which the irate painter replied that when he next met his critic he should give him a sound thrashing, but he hoped that a broken head would in no wise interfere with a friendship which—etc., etc.

To the end Ruskin remained strangely unworldly and innocent of human passions and resentments. He writes in despair to Rossetti: "I don't say you do wrong, because you don't seem to know what is wrong, but you just do whatever you like as far as possible—as puppies and tomtits do."

Ruskin's was a rich and full life, a vital part of the history of literature and development of art and taste in the Victorian Era. It was a sad life, dropping, as the years passed, into deeper and deeper gloom. At the close of the first volume the biographer says: "He was yet to know the fire of unfulfilled love and the cold of departing faith. He was to experience the bitterness of seeming failure; and his gifts of mind and heart were to die before his death. In the end, perhaps, he was to reach, as prophet, a reputation higher than was now his as writer; but it was to be mixed with gray leaf and thorn-set stem; no fastening of diadem but with such sharp embroidery."

It was a sad life but not a sordid one, and perhaps no sadness, unsmear'd by sordidness, counts as waste. This biography is at once the fullest and most valuable that has yet appeared. It illustrates Ruskin's life by his work, and his work by his life. The interesting parallel between Ruskin's ideals and Tolstoi's might indeed have been pushed farther with good effect.

The author says of Ruskin that he dealt "with art not for art's sake, but art in relation to life; art as the expression of individual and national character; life without industry as guilt; but industry without art as brutality." Beauty in a world governed by social justice is the idea implied in all Ruskin's books.

ROBERT E. LEE: MAN AND SOLDIER. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

With the single exception of Mr. Lincoln, who seems to be destined to be written up as minutely and voluminously as Napoleon, not one of the principal actors in the Civil War has found so many biographers as General Lee. It is only natural that the career of the Southern commander-in-chief should possess the same fascination for the Southern mind

that the martyred President's possesses for the Northern, since the two men typified whatever was highest and best in their respective causes. Lee has the additional charm, from the Southern point of view, of having won the most memorable successes for a cause that failed abysmally in the end; and as offering, in his character and conduct, a silent refutation of the extravagant charges of the extreme Abolitionists as to the demoralizing influence of the institution of slavery upon all brought within its pale, charges to which the Southern people were always highly sensitive.

A new biography of a great soldier and an upright man like General Lee will always attract attention, but for it to have any permanent value, it must, in the light of the many excellent biographies of him by contemporaries already in existence, be able to stand successfully at least one of these three tests: It should be either a concise but comprehensive narrative of his career, modeled on Southey's *Nelson*, for popular use; or an exhaustive biography of large proportions, like Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson*, that contributes a great amount of very valuable new information to further illuminate the subject; or an acute critical study, like Ropes's *Story of the Civil War*.

The most recent addition to the lives of General Lee is from the pen of the distinguished Southern novelist, Thomas Nelson Page. In spite of the literary charm which all his writings possess, his last work cannot be said to come broadly and clearly within any of the three categories which have been mentioned. None of the three tests can therefore be successfully applied to it.

In the first place, it is a volume of some 734 pages, and while uncommonly graphic and vivid in style, well digested in substance, and ardently sympathetic in its point of view, it is frequently diffuse, occasionally desultory, and sometimes slovenly, a fault further accentuated by numerous typographical errors. Neither by brevity (when the length of the book is considered), nor by conciseness of statement, nor by comprehensiveness of treatment, can Mr. Page's volume, in spite of exceptional merits as a narrative, be regarded as adapted to become a handy and convenient work for general use.

On the other hand, although a voluminous production, Mr. Page himself expressly disclaims having made any addition to the sum of our existing knowledge of the character and career of General Lee. The authorities used appear to be restricted to those already well known to the students of his life. There is no indication of any research among documents or papers which had previously escaped the attention of biographers.

Mr. Page's personal recollections of the war were not such as by themselves to qualify him to pass a weighty judgment on General Lee's campaigns. Indeed, he modestly questions his competency to become an independent critic of these campaigns from a purely military standpoint; and he contents himself with presenting the views which have already been advanced by Ropes, Henderson, Allen, Humphreys, and Bigelow.

What, then, is the *raison d'être* for a volume which, although always delightfully and often eloquently written, contains a virtual acknowledgment that it is chiefly a restatement of well-known facts, and, in considerable measure, a synopsis of other writers' conclusions? The reason for its composition seems to have been that Mr. Page was strongly of the impression that the North had not yet been informed of a point that would

compel it to do complete justice to the character of Lee as a man, and to his greatness as a soldier. As a Southern writer who possessed a large circle of readers in the Northern States, Mr. Page was justly of the opinion that he was in a position of advantage to remove these prejudices, and to impart knowledge where there was before supposedly only dense ignorance. This work is, therefore, really at bottom a strong appeal to the Northern people to reconsider the facts of General Lee's life and the spirit which governed his conduct, so that they may obtain a more correct and sympathetic view of their greatest opponent in the Civil War. Such an appeal all Northerners can understand, and it is one which few of them will fail to respond to.

As time has steadily dissipated the passions which survived the Civil War, the North has recognized the essential greatness and nobleness of General Lee with constantly increasing cordiality. Indeed, he is considered there now to have been a man of so much ability and merit that he does not really require to be treated quite so eulogistically as Mr. Page has treated him throughout this book. There are times when the author of this new biography suffers his fervor to carry him too far even from the Southern point of view. One effect of it is to cause him (apparently unconsciously to himself) to minimize comparatively the achievements of Stonewall Jackson, whom some Southern critics have regarded as General Lee's superior in military genius, and who was certainly Lee's only rival on the Southern side. In these pages, the hero of the Valley campaign does not seem to possess much more military initiative or talent than General Stuart or General A. P. Hill, two of Lee's ablest, most active, and most zealous lieutenants. The author shows a jealousy for General Lee's fame in connection with the real hero of Second Manassas and Chancellorsville which General Lee himself never exhibited, and, from his magnanimity, perhaps never even felt. Henderson was as much disposed to exalt Jackson as Mr. Page is to exalt Lee, but he never, even by inference or imputation, depressed Lee as Mr. Page depresses Jackson at more than one place in his interesting volume. Jackson was something more than a mere lieutenant of his commander; and it is a convincing proof of his genius that, after his death, the Confederacy was never half so near its independence as it was before his fall. Second Manassas and Chancellorsville were both won by the audacity of his flank marches. No such flank march was ever undertaken by Lee after Jackson's death, although urged to do so at Gettysburg by Longstreet. It was only by such bold and aggressive movements that the smallest hope could be indulged of permanently crippling the Army of the Potomac. From Gettysburg down to Appomattox, Lee's attitude was purely defensive—aggressively defensive when the opportunity arose, but still defensive. The Confederate cause began to decline as soon as it ceased to be offensive. Lee, no doubt, perceived this only too clearly.

Mr. Page, like other biographers of Lee, complains that Mr. Davis was constantly hampering him in his military plans. There is much more reason to complain that Mr. Davis would have headed off all the efforts which General Lee would have made to bring about pacification had it been in his power to act on his own discretion. The letter from Lee to the Confederate President, quoted at length by Mr. Page in his account of the events which immediately preceded the battle of Gettysburg,

would seem to indicate that the writer at that time was in favor of peace even if the condition of obtaining it was the South's re-entrance into the Union. And he probably felt the same way after the Second Battle of Cold Harbor.

General Lee was never an advocate of secession; he was not bitter against the North even during the progress of the war; and he came again to be thoroughly national in spirit as soon as hostilities ended. At no time does he seem to have entertained sanguine hopes of final success; and as he was a very wise and practical man, there was probably not an hour after the Battle of Chancellorsville, when, had the issue been left to him, he would not have made peace with the North on the basis of re-union. He would have felt that the South had accomplished all that it could legitimately fight for had it secured such guarantees for its safety within the Union as no subsequent agitation could hope to break down. He was a Union man before the war began, and while thoroughly loyal to the South during the continuance of hostilities, he was not so passionately blind that he was ready, like Mr. Davis, to shut his eyes to all the portents of approaching destruction, and thus to court for his section of the country a ruin that would leave it at the mercy of the conquerors. Had he been political dictator as well as commander-in-chief, the upshot of the war for the South would have been different. There would have been no Appomattox, and no besom of Reconstruction.

LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE (Apostle to the Sioux). By M. A. DE WOLF HOWE. Sturgis and Walton Company. 1912.

As seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, shall not perish from off the earth, so heroism in human life is everlastingly recurrent. We may indeed live by our admirations. There are still men that can hold up their heads with those who fought with beasts at Ephesus, that are entitled to a place on the Christian Honor Roll of that fine eleventh chapter of Hebrews—men “who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness,” of whom the world is not yet quite worthy. Hardship and toil, privation and danger, endured gladly in pure love of their fellows—this is the guerdon that still appeals to noble souls, and is a true offset to that “materialism” of which we hear so much.

Not only is honor due to Bishop Hare as a Christian teacher and great missionary—“Apostle to the Sioux,” he was called—but equally to him as a citizen and public man. For such as he performed a twofold and interrelated service—he paved the way for civilization, law and order, on the one hand; as well as, in common parlance, “saved souls,” on the other. His services to the government are quite as great as those to the Church. He was both missionary and pioneer, an instructor, and an exponent of the best that modern civilization shows. To speak generally, of the twenty thousand Sioux to whom Bishop Hare went out in 1873, and to whom he so faithfully ministered—after thirty years of labor, when illness forced him from his post, ten thousand were baptized members of the Episcopal Church, and *all* had been brought more or less under the best Christian influences. Schools for boys and girls had been established, and all agencies that lead to self-help and true citizenship were in full working order.

The Indian cannot be made over into a white man, nor is this desired or desirable; but he can be developed along his own best lines, and can be helped and encouraged to become an increasingly valuable man and citizen. This Bishop Hare early recognized, and shaped his course accordingly. The faith and hope, the courage and insight, that inspired and sustained him, are something to be laid to heart and never forgotten. Soldier of the Cross he was, but also a true patriot of our American Republic which, if it is to continue, must fuse its many nationalities into a reasonably homogeneous whole. And men are only molded and made one by their ideals. A noble ideal of Christianity and a noble ideal of citizenship are what Bishop Hare's life and labor stand for and express. His character presents just that fine combination of delicacy with strength, of flexibility and adaptability with definiteness of aim and firmness of purpose, which are necessary to the organizer and upbuilder.

"Mortise us into the wall again,
Or lift us up, lest we live in vain,"

sing the Stone Men and Women of Moody's *Fire-Bringer*. Bishop Hare was a true Fire-Bringer, and brought the live coal of spiritual life to a people, savage from our standpoint, yet with certain clear ideas of truth, honor, and obligation of their own—ideas that are the very bases of civilization, and without which no superstructure can be raised. Pioneer civilization is always defective; and, on our frontiers, the white man's civilization has been wretchedly misrepresented. Bishop Hare stood for truth, justice, and fair-dealing as between man and man, stood for forbearance and patience from the strong to the weak, as well as for all that his religious calling implies. He was not only the apostle, but the friend, and by consistently representing to the Indians the best of our civilization, he did an incalculable and lasting service to his government and his own race. He planted Christian thought and modern civilization among the Sioux—in so far as they were able to assimilate both—and when the outposts of civilization touched their reservation, a reasonably common life was possible between Indians and whites.

Our dealing with the Indian is the sorriest page of American history, but the long years of Bishop Hare's wonderful ministry go far to redeem the story. He loved to tell the anecdote of the Quaker who, being asked, "How shall we reach a full-blooded Indian?" replied, "By sending to him a full-blooded Christian." And the grandson of Bishop Hobart, of New York, who was distinguished for his missionary labors among the Oneidas and other tribes of the famous Six Nations—that grandson was surely a "full-blooded Christian."

In reading such a life as this, the comment is not infrequent: "Why take such a man for such work? Would not a less fine instrument have served as well? Why take the highest type of manhood, a Christian gentleman, one cultured and refined, sentient and responsive to the best in our modern life—and then let him devote over thirty years to missionary work in a remote corner of our land, among primitive men?" As these questions are suggested by the Life, so are they answered by it. Bishop Hare was the servant of the Lord of the fragments, who has commanded that all shall be gathered up, that nothing be lost. Then it is just a fine and complex instrument that is needed for the work he so suc-

cessfully performed. It requires subtilty and delicacy of imagination to enter into the life of primitive men, a deep sense of the essentials of humanity, a quick and penetrating eye to perceive likenesses behind seeming differences, an understanding heart to realize what is common to us all. Had Bishop Hare been less highly gifted, less finely furnished forth, he could not have done his work so well. For he dealt with immature civilization as represented by the Indians, and with defective civilization—salt that had lost its savor—as represented by the whites. The story of his struggle against the shameless divorce laws of South Dakota, and his leadership of the forces that made for right thinking and right living, with their ultimate triumph, are not the least interesting and instructive chapters of this interesting life. Bishop Hare has been happy in his biographer, and none can read the book without a deepened sense of the wonderful possibilities and great responsibilities of our American Republic.

LOVE AND ETHICS. By ELLEN KEY. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1911.

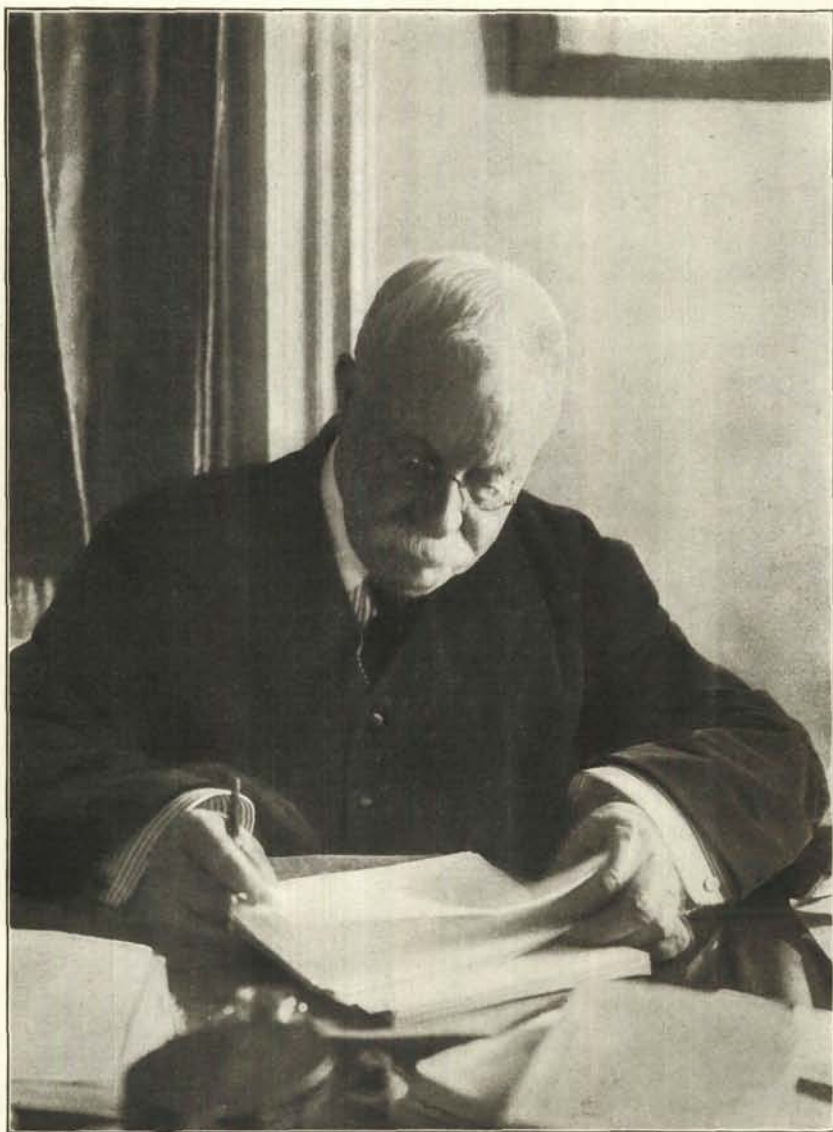
"No liberty, no virtue," was the motto that Shelley approved, and Ellen Key's little monograph, following her book on *Love and Marriage*, is a treatment of the same theme. Speaking of the present status of monogamic marriage and its concomitant, prostitution, she says: "The horrors of the present system are such that what we should do is compare them with the possible dangers of a new system and see which are to be more dreaded." The great question in her mind is how can we find a more efficient ethical code than the present one for improving the species. It is the hope of Ellen Key that some day we shall reach a point where the erotic discord between the soul and the senses physically and the discord between several persons psychically will be impossible. As the highest happiness can only be obtained through the larger feelings, psychologic necessity will exclude the smaller ones.

The whole book is a plea for a nobler and a freer type of love, a worthier marriage. The author speaks of women as the creator of men and of souls. It is a mistake to think the mother creates the child any more than the father. But she is quite right when she adds: "To fulfil these tasks properly women require the same human rights as men, and until they have obtained these rights feminism has still all its work before it."

One of the winged words of the little volume that cannot be sounded too oft in American ears is, "It is not utilities, but complete human beings, that elevate life."

"A more perfect race means a more soulful race, a more soulful race a race having greater capacity for love."

There is always a question in many minds as to whether a certain amount of suffering is not a condition of growth. But there may come a time, as Ellen Key hopes, when self-discipline and aspiration may be as cruel forms as are necessary of suffering. "The one necessary thing," she says, "is to make ever greater demands upon the men and women who take to themselves the right to give humanity new beings."



M. D. Newell.